

LIFE

CAPTAIN FOSS, U.S.M.C.
AMERICA'S NO. 1 ACE

JUNE 7, 1943 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



HEIL...!

They salute you, Fuehrer . . . your dead warriors.

They died . . . for what? Not Victory, for today the legions of decency are growing ever stronger.

Here in America, millions of peace-loving citizens are willingly skimping on food . . . going without gasoline . . . working and investing their savings to defeat you.

Our vast industrial plants are pouring out munitions in ever greater quantity.

From The Texas Company's refineries alone are coming millions of gallons of powerful 100-octane aviation gasoline . . . toluene for making "block-busting" bombs and shells . . . vast quantities of other war fuels and lubricants.

Our armies have just begun to show their real strength. Our civilians are setting new records of production. To put an end to your militarism and murder. To restore the right to *live* in peace and freedom.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF & SKY CHIEF GASOLINES • HAVOLINE & TEXACO MOTOR OILS



"NOW'S THE TIME TO PROTECT THAT 'RESERVE VALUE!'"

—Says your General Motors Dealer

"EVERY car now in service has more built into it than any of us normally gets out.

"They were built that way for the same reason that engineers design extra 'margins of safety' into bridges — to make sure that they will stand up even under extreme conditions.

"That extra serviceability — call it 'Reserve Value' — can come in mighty handy now that the country needs all the good we can get from any car.

"It can keep needed cars rolling in necessary driving, make tires go the full limit, save fuel so that fighting men can have more. It can protect your investment and conserve the national asset represented by the twenty-odd million cars now in use.

"It's easy to protect the 'Reserve Value' in your car and prolong its usefulness, if you'll see that all the things that should be done for it are *rightly* done *at the right time*.

"That may mean more care than you give your car in peacetime — few people do all the things the Car Manuals call for.

"But I'm here not merely to service your car as it should be serviced — but to explain *what* it needs and *why*. Come in — and let me show you how to capitalize fully on the 'Reserve Value' in these times when it is really needed!"

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

WAR EXPERIENCE SHOWS
that "normal" tire mileage is easily stepped up through proper care. Barring accidents, life can often be *doubled* by proper attention to all tire needs.

THE MORE GASOLINE
you save by efficient carburetor setting, attention to spark plugs, and proper engine care, the easier it will be to supply our fighting men.

IN NORMAL
driving batteries stay "healthy" with an occasional inspection and filling. Idle batteries lose their charge and are likely to deteriorate rapidly unless regularly inspected.

Save for Victory—
Buy War Bonds

ENTRANCE

SERVICE

This One

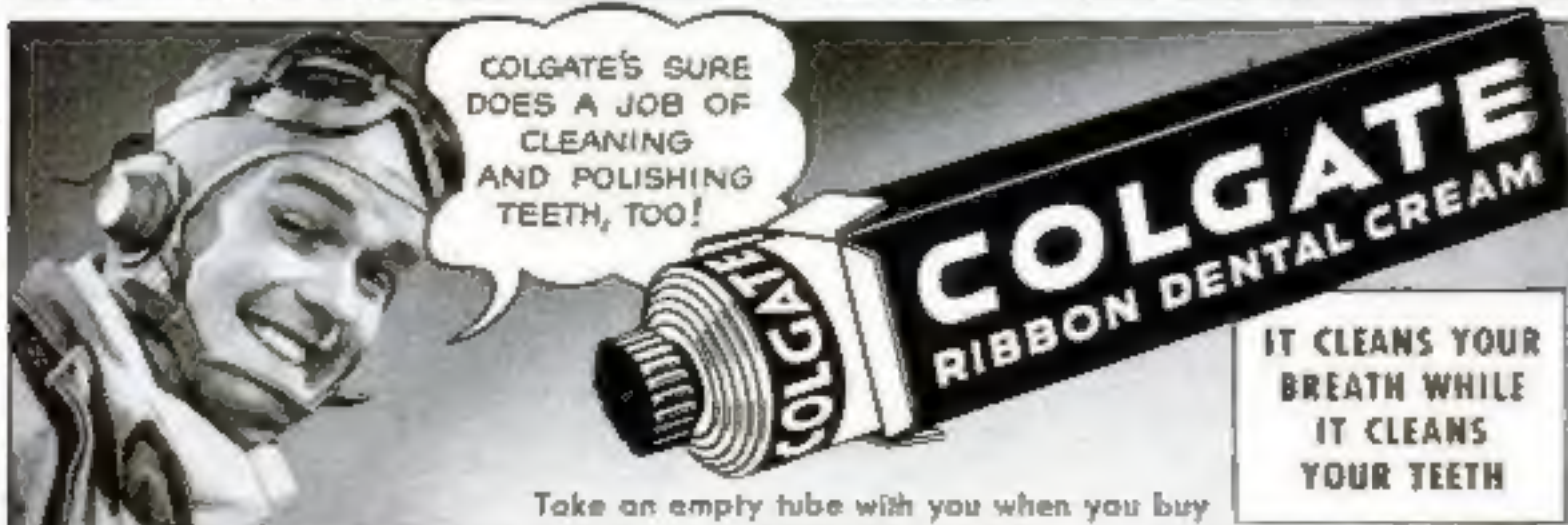


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But One Kiss
Was All She
Gave Me!



Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

NORTH DAKOTA'S 164TH

Sirs:

Congratulations for your fine pictorial story of North Dakota's 164th Infantry and their great work on Guadalcanal (LIFE, May 17). Long famous as the leading state in per-capita purchase of war bonds, and 48th in war industries and military camps (we have none of these), North Dakotans are glad to see the gallant 164th receive this national recognition.

Naturally North Dakota's soldier boys prefer the rolling western plains of their home state—the same plains that are again producing a bumper crop for a hungry world—to the dank, pestilential islands of the South Pacific. I wonder why LIFE calls us "chilly and bleak." You might be interested to know that the statistics from our State Department of Health prove to the world what all of us here know already—North Dakota's climate is the healthiest in the U. S.

BURKETT W. HUEY
Bismarck, N. Dak.

● A LIFE staff member who traveled to North Dakota in January for the story on the heroic 164th reports that the temperature often reached 40° below zero, with blizzards. LIFE meant no slur on North Dakota's bracing climate, but few adjectives lend themselves better to such conditions than "chilly" and "bleak."—ED.

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed your story on North Dakota's heroic 164th Infantry. I might point out that the foremost aerial ace of the American Air Forces, Captain Joe Foss, comes from Sioux Falls, S. Dak. The Dakotas seem to have a hold on heroism quite unusual in view of their small population.

MARK W. GALLON
Milwaukee, Wis.

● For more on South Dakota's Captain Joe Foss, turn to page 88.—ED.

Sirs:

In your story "LIFE Comes Home from War with Dakota Boys" you show a picture of Staff Sergeant William Bachellor of Grand Forks playing with



BACHELLOR'S FLAG

his baby while his wife looks on. In the background there is a Jap flag with Japanese characters written on it.

I am sure there is a story behind this flag. Please let us have it.

JOHN PACKARD JR.
Pasadena, Calif.

● There is a story. The flag was taken from a dead Jap whom Sergeant Bachellor had shot only a few seconds previously. Such flags, inscribed by friends and relatives, are carried by many Jap soldiers as talismans. A similar captured flag appeared in LIFE, Nov. 23, 1942. Neither appears to have brought its owners luck.—ED.

(continued on p. 4)

"Glaring" mistakes — #4



ON THE WATER... It's a mistake to glare at reflected sun glare! Three ply, laminated Polaroid* Day Glass lenses filter out dazzling reflected glare yet admit ample seeing light. They're scarce because we supply the Armed Forces, but still to be had in some stores... \$1.95.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Polaroid Corp.

POLAROID* DAY GLASSES



American Optical

SOUTHBIDGE • MASSACHUSETTS



YOUR

appearance depends upon
the care you give your

HAIR

Loose dandruff disappears
with daily applications of

JERIS

for Loose Dandruff

At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

WHAT'S IN A NAME ?



Says EDGAR: "My name means 'good spearman.' I speak for our millions of men with bayonets. We know how to use our bayonets. And we know why we're using them—to keep our country what we've made it."



Says CONRAD: "My name means 'wise counsellor.' I'm a volunteer Block Leader in our town. It's my job to pass on to you wise counsel about enemy rumors, wartime nutrition problems and other things we all need to know."



Says MOSES: "My name means 'drawn from the water.' I've been rescued twice from torpedoed ships. I'm ready to go back again. You give us the ships—and the cargo to fill 'em—and we'll sail 'em."

Says HORTENSE: "My name means 'gardener'—and am I proud of my Victory garden! Now I have plenty of good home-grown vegetables to put up for next winter and to save points."



Says ETHYL: "My name is the trade mark name of a fluid that is helping America's war planes fly higher, faster and farther. It is Ethyl fluid, which today oil companies put into all their high-octane fighting gasoline to prevent knock and to step up power."

"After the war my trade mark name and emblem will be your guide to better gasoline than you've ever had before . . . and to best performance from the automobiles of the future."

"Remember this when occasionally your service station may be unable to supply you from the pump marked 'Ethyl.' Remember, too, that Ethyl fluid is made only by the Ethyl Corporation."



FREE BOOKLET TELLS WHAT YOUR NAME MEANS

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.

ETHYL CORPORATION
Room 3512, Chrysler Building, New York, N.Y.

Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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THE "STRANGER"

You've seen him. He may even have been a guest in your house. He's a shy lad with a nice face—a stranger in your town . . . He's the boy in uniform!

He may have come from a long way off, but he's never really far from home. For millions of homes—and hearts—are open to him, wherever he goes in America. That's the way Americans are. In sharing and in sacrifice, nothing is too good for the boy in uniform.

Here's just one small example: The use of rubber in manufacturing rubber-soled canvas shoes has been considered non-essential and stopped. To millions of Americans this might mean the sacrifice of many favorite sports.

But, to the boy in uniform, your sacrifice may be a matter of life and death. By giving up these things millions of additional pounds of rubber are released to make life rafts, life vests, bullet-proof gas tanks for planes, and other life saving equipment.

That's why with you and all Americans we are taking such sacrifice in stride.

FOOTWEAR FACTORY
WATERTOWN, MASS.



Hood Rubber Co.
A DIVISION OF
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

LONG ARM OF COINCIDENCE

Sirs:

I think LIFE will be interested in the role it has played in an unusual wartime coincidence. In your issue of Nov. 30, 1942 you printed a story entitled "Inspiration" which showed snapshots carried into battle by Corp. Bernard Kessel of Brooklyn, N.Y., one of the first heroes of the North African campaign. Corporal Kessel, you will remember, was gunner in a tank which alone piled up a whole column of enemy vehicles and created general havoc in the center of the city of Oran shortly after the landing there. You quoted his remark about the snapshots: "I guess that picture of the girl friend mounted next to my 75 is a lucky charm."

Corporal Kessel, who is my fiance, is not the only one who found the picture lucky. It had unusual adventures after that, as the enclosed letter which I received recently will show:

"Dear Rita,

Some months ago I took over a tank from an American regiment. While I was checking things over inside it I found on the floor by the side of the gun a photograph, and a very attrac-



RITA WEINBERG

tive one too. I was so struck by it (as were the rest of my troop) that I kept it as a lucky charm and as a reminder of more pleasant times. Since then it has been through severe actions with us and the only time one of the troop was killed was when the photograph was not with us. For this reason I do not want to part with it although I know now whose it is.

I often wondered who 'Rita' was, Rita being the name on the back of the photograph, but little did I think that I should ever find out. However, a member of my troop was recently reading LIFE, an American magazine. To his surprise he suddenly found a copy of the photograph which he had come to know so well, together with the fine story of how it came to be where I found it. He brought this article back to me and I have it, together with the original photograph, in front of me now. If you, or Bernard, want it back I'll send it back, but please send me another one as we do regard it as lucky. Cheerio, and thanks for what you've done for me and my chaps.

Peter F. Hughes
British North African Forces"

RITA WEINBERG
New York, N. Y.

WERFEL'S NATIONALITY

Sirs:

I wish to add a few remarks to the controversy regarding Franz Werfel's nationality which, as a matter of fact, is no controversy at all. Werfel is not a Czech writer. The fact that he was born in Prague long before the First World War and that he possesses a Czech passport does not make him a Czech writer. There exists a Czech language and, obviously, only he who writes in Czech can be called a Czech writer. For this very reason, one would search in vain in any history of Czech literature for Werfel's name. On the other hand, he is most definitely not a German writer, as Mr. Otto Popper contends in his letter to LIFE. Werfel is correctly an Austrian writer. He was born an Austrian, served in the Austrian civil service and in the Austrian Army, and made Vienna his permanent residence

(continued on p. 6)

OUR TRADE MARK WINDBREAKER

REG. U.S.

PAT. OFF.

BUY WAR BONDS

America's
Most
Famous
Name in
Jackets



ALSO SIZES
& JUVENILES

A MASTERPIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
WHITMAN SHOWER-PROOF GABARDINE

FULL LINED WITH BRYBRO RAYON
OTHER STYLES, COLORS and LININGS

AT LEADING STORES . . . OR WRITE

JOHN RISSMAN & SON
MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

IN WARTIME MORE THAN EVER

. . . it PAYS to call the nation's
"NUMBER ONE" long-distance
movers . . . ALLIED!

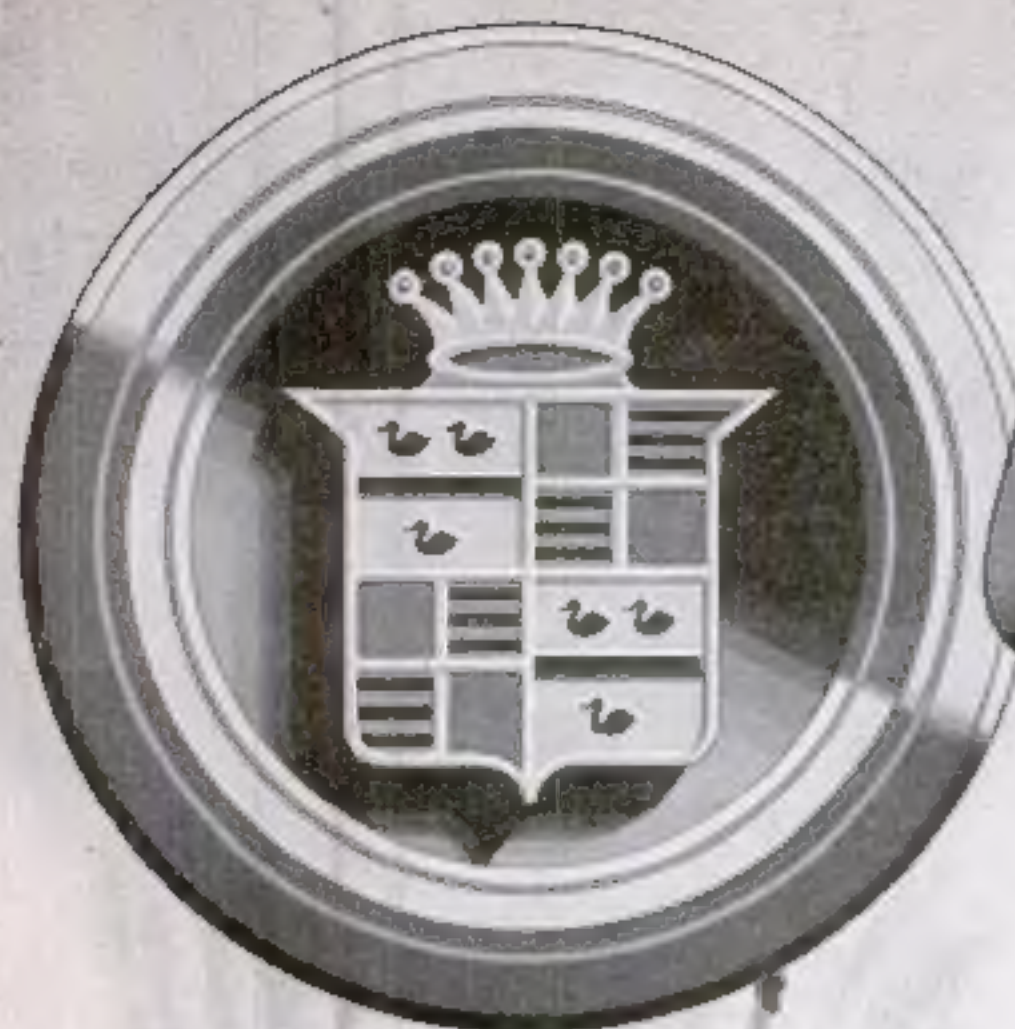


ALLIED offers you the world's largest fleet of vans . . . skilled, long-experienced packers, drivers, and handlers . . . the close teamwork of more than 600 agent-members in 360 key cities, all members of the National Furniture Warehousemen's Association.

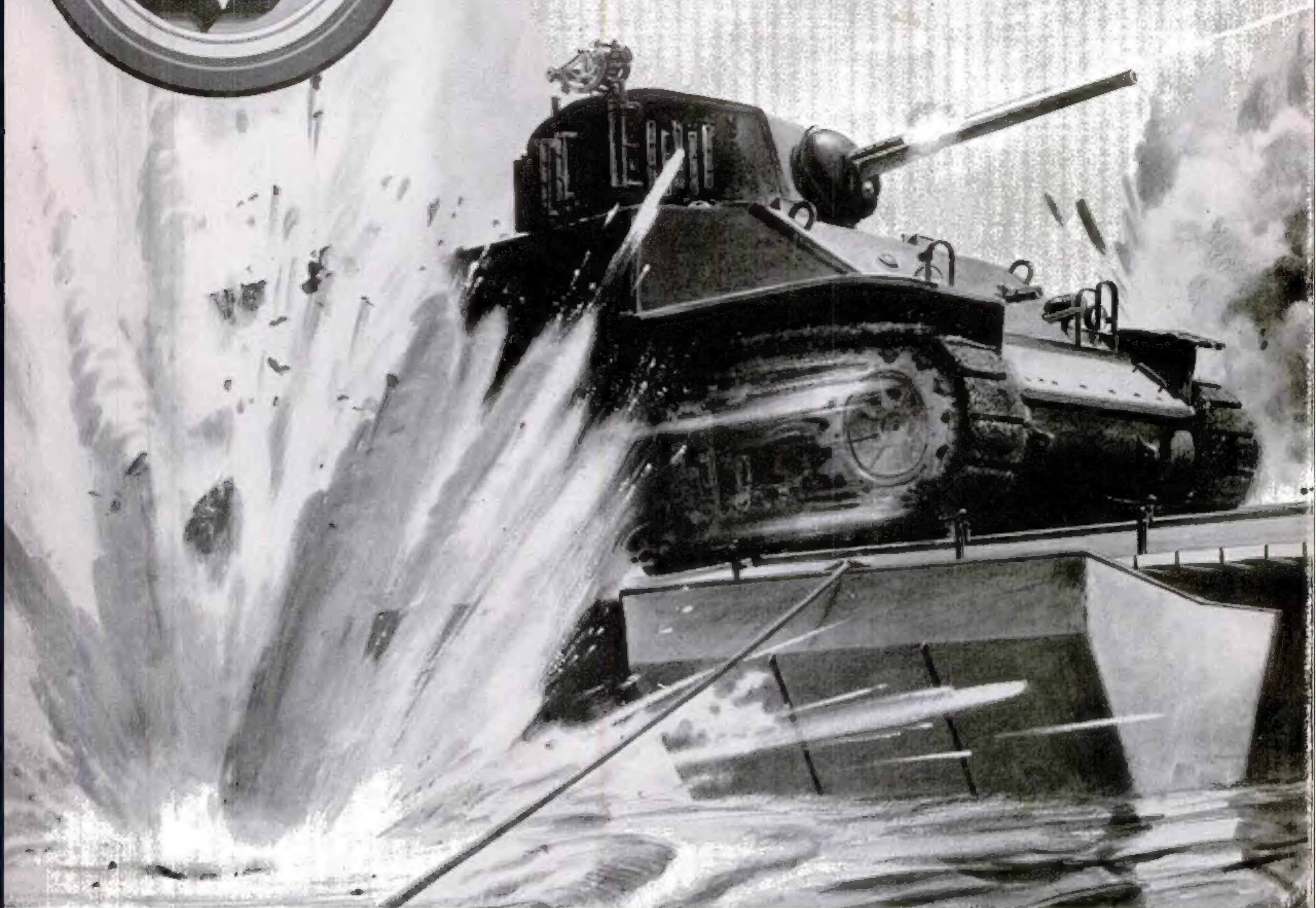
Your nearest Allied agent-member is listed in the classified phone book

ALLIED VAN LINES, INC.
SPECIALISTS IN LONG-DISTANCE MOVING OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS, OFFICE FURNITURE AND EQUIPMENT

WE CAN'T STOP NOW—BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND



Cadillac



It came out *Fighting!*

When American troops joined in to rid North Africa of its Nazi hordes, they were supported by the new M-5, an all-welded, light tank designed and built by Cadillac, in cooperation with U. S. Army engineers. Observers commenting on its appearance at the front said—"It came out fighting!"

Two Cadillac innovations—wholly new to mechanized warfare—endow the M-5 with speed and maneuverability demoralizing to

the enemy. They are innovations which date back to peace—inventions that in other years contributed much to Cadillac's outstanding leadership among fine motor cars.

This departure from conventional tank design called for high confidence in Cadillac's peace-time engineering. But faith in building the M-5 around proved automotive units has been well justified. Exhaustive Army tests, both in and out of battle, have shown that the

M-5 can decisively outperform light tanks not possessing its inherent advantages.

We are deeply grateful to the Ordnance Department for its encouragement and co-operation in developing this new light tank. We take pride in the knowledge that production of the M-5 and precision parts for America's most famous liquid-cooled aircraft engine are direct contributions to the Victory that must be ours.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION



GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



LET YOUR DOLLARS WORK, TOO—
BUY
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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When heads & hearts are broken-



and the world is full of woe-



This will chase the tears away!



Ritz always brings out a smile-
it's America's Favorite Cracker!

Army-Navy Award
to Nabisco New
York Bakeries for excel-
lence in production of
biscuits, crackers and
emergency ration biscuit
for the Armed Forces.



IT SELLS SO FAST—your food dealer may occa-
sionally be out of Ritz. If this happens when you
are shopping—please be patient. Your dealer
and Nabisco Bakeries are doing everything pos-
sible under wartime conditions to keep you sup-
plied with America's Favorite Cracker.

BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

before the war. He is also a member
of the Austrian National Committee
which was set up in New York in 1942.

Unfortunately, there are still people
like Mr. Popper who have yet failed to
comprehend and probably never will
understand that Austrians are not Ger-
mans, that Haydn, Mozart, Schubert,
Bruckner, Mahler et al. are not German
composers, and Hofmannsthal, Schnitz-
ler, Wildgans, Werfel et al. are not Ger-
man writers. Austria's greatest poet
and dramatist, Franz Grillparzer, clear-
ly affirmed this by saying, "I am not a
German—I am an Austrian and, above
all, I am a Viennese." The fact that
Austrians, Swiss and Luxemburgers
write in German does not make them
German writers (although the Germans
have always liked to present them as
such to the world) just as the fact that
Americans write in English does not
make them British or English writers.
To be a German writer obviously
means to be an authentic interpreter of
the typically German way of thinking
and feeling, and it would prove very
difficult, indeed, to find any evidence of
such an interpretation in the writings
of any truly representative Austrian
poet from Grillparzer to Franz Werfel.

DR. ERNST HOOR
New Haven, Conn.

A GUITAR FOR GENERAL SPAATZ

Sirs:

In LIFE's close-up of General
"Tooney" Spaatz (LIFE, April 18) you
mentioned in passing that the General
was an ardent guitar player, and that
he had not been able to find one since
he went to North Africa.

Inspired by LIFE's story, employees
of the shipbuilding division of Con-
solidated Steel Corporation, Ltd. do-



SPAATZ WITH GUITAR

nated a sufficient number of dimes to
purchase a fine guitar, which was sent
through the War Department to Gen-
eral Spaatz.

Herewith is an official U. S. Army
Air Corps photograph of General
Spaatz with the instrument. The pho-
tograph was mailed to us from Tunisia
on April 16, along with a letter of
thanks from General Spaatz in which
he said that the guitar "arrived in per-
fect condition and will certainly be put
to good use."

KENT WATSON
Orange, Texas

VERONICA LAKE

Sirs:

"I, Veronica Lake" (LIFE, May 17)
is the silliest article to which you have
ever devoted so much valuable space.

WALTER E. CAMPBELL
Greensboro, N. C.

Sirs:

After reading your interesting article
on Veronica Lake, my only comment
is, "Thank God she's human."

Mc RUSSELL C. BIENAPFL
Aberdeen Proving Ground
Aberdeen, Md.

Sirs:

Veronica Lake isn't the only one who
has gone in for little deceptions during
her career.

When movie press releases once an-
nounced that Miss Lake had studied

(continued on p. 8)



Hearty Luncheon Sandwiches

6 slices buttered whole wheat bread	3 hard-cooked eggs
6 slices buttered white bread	1/2 cup shredded carrot
2 tbsp. DURREE'S DRESSING	2 tbsp. mayonnaise

Combine Durree's Famous Dressing with mayon-
naise; mix with chopped eggs, carrots. Place
lettuce leaves on six bread slices; spread with
mixture; top with remaining slices.

Tasty and filling, both! The secret?
Durree's Famous Dressing, of course...
the fourteen-spice sauce that peps up
sandwiches, fish, salads and
meats. Rich, golden, easy-
pouring, keeps without re-
frigeration. Write for new
booklet, "How to Dress Up
Wartime Menus," Durree
Famous Foods, Dept LE6,
Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

OTHER DURREE FAMOUS FOODS • DURREE'S
SPICES • DURREE'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE
• DURREE'S MARINADE



DRESS IT UP WITH
DURREE'S
FAMOUS
DRESSING



Wartime do's and don't's

FRIGIDAIRE

tells how to make room in a crowded refrigerator



Buy War Bonds for Victory

If your refrigerator was crowded in normal times, chances are it has an even bigger job to do as you cooperate with necessary wartime measures. Less frequent deliveries, fewer trips to market, mean storing more foods and keeping them longer. You use more fresh vegetables; make soup, bake beans and prepare other foods you used to buy in cans!

Today, knowing what to leave out of your refrigerator may be almost as important as knowing what to put in! Here are some timely do's and don't's that may help you "stretch" your refrigerator a size larger!

Do



Foods that must be refrigerated

All dairy products. Store all except ice cream on open shelves. Store ice cream in freezer. Store butter and "soft" cheese in covered containers; wrap hard cheese in waxed paper or clean cloth wrung out of vinegar.

Meat, fowl, fish. Keep in meat tray or loosely wrapped in waxed paper below freezer. Exceptions: Always wrap fish to prevent odor transfer. Wrap mildly cured meats like bacon in cloth wrung out of vinegar to prevent mold. Wrap and freeze ground meats, variety meats, and fish if not to be used at once; poultry and other meats if to be kept several days.

Frozen foods of all kinds. Wrap and keep in freezer.

Fresh green and salad vegetables. Keep in vegetable compartment or other covered container.

Fresh "ripe" fruits. Store in covered container. Berries keep best in shallow pan, covered loosely with waxed paper.*

Other: Cover* and store cooked, opened, canned, and bottled goods (not mentioned under "don't" or "maybe").

*Some refrigerators are designed to provide temperature and humidity conditions that make it unnecessary to cover foods.

FRIGIDAIRE REFRIGERATORS

When you need refrigerator help, call an approved Frigidaire Service Dealer listed under this heading in your classified telephone directory.



PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS
"FOR SERVICE CALL"

Don't



Foods that need not be refrigerated

Sugar preserved foods. Dates, jelly, jam, honey, syrup.

Fresh foods. Bananas (which should never be refrigerated) avocados, potatoes, sweet potatoes, parsnips, turnips, beets, dry onions, squash.

Dried fruits if in a cool, dry atmosphere. But in a warm, humid atmosphere it is best to keep dried prunes, apricots, etc., in the refrigerator.

Other: Vinegar, dried spices, split peas, popcorn, unopened canned and bottled goods (except fresh milk and cream), cooking fats (other than bacon grease and drippings) if they will be used up in a short time.

A good rule when storing food: When in doubt, store in the refrigerator.

Maybe



Foods that can be refrigerated (if space is available)

Some foods do not require refrigeration for safe-keeping, but are improved in taste when thoroughly chilled. Others keep better in the refrigerator but can be left out. Among these are:

Carbonated beverages* Pickles and olives*
Fresh oranges, grapefruits, limes and lemons*
Fresh peaches and pears, not fully ripe*
Pineapples, melons*, cabbage, cucumbers, watermelons*
Bread, cake, pies and other pastries
Peanut butter and salad dressing

*If space is limited, chill only enough of these foods and beverages for immediate needs. Store the remainder outside of the refrigerator.

Next Month: "Care of the Refrigerator"

Get a Free copy of WARTIME SUGGESTIONS from your Frigidaire Dealer

This valuable 36-page booklet tells how to make your refrigerator serve better and last longer under wartime conditions. It gives simple, helpful suggestions like those on this page. Get your free copy from any Frigidaire dealer.

Look for his store sign or find his name and address in your classified telephone directory under REFRIGERATORS—ELECTRIC. Or write Frigidaire Division, General Motors Corporation, 461 Taylor Street, Dayton, Ohio.



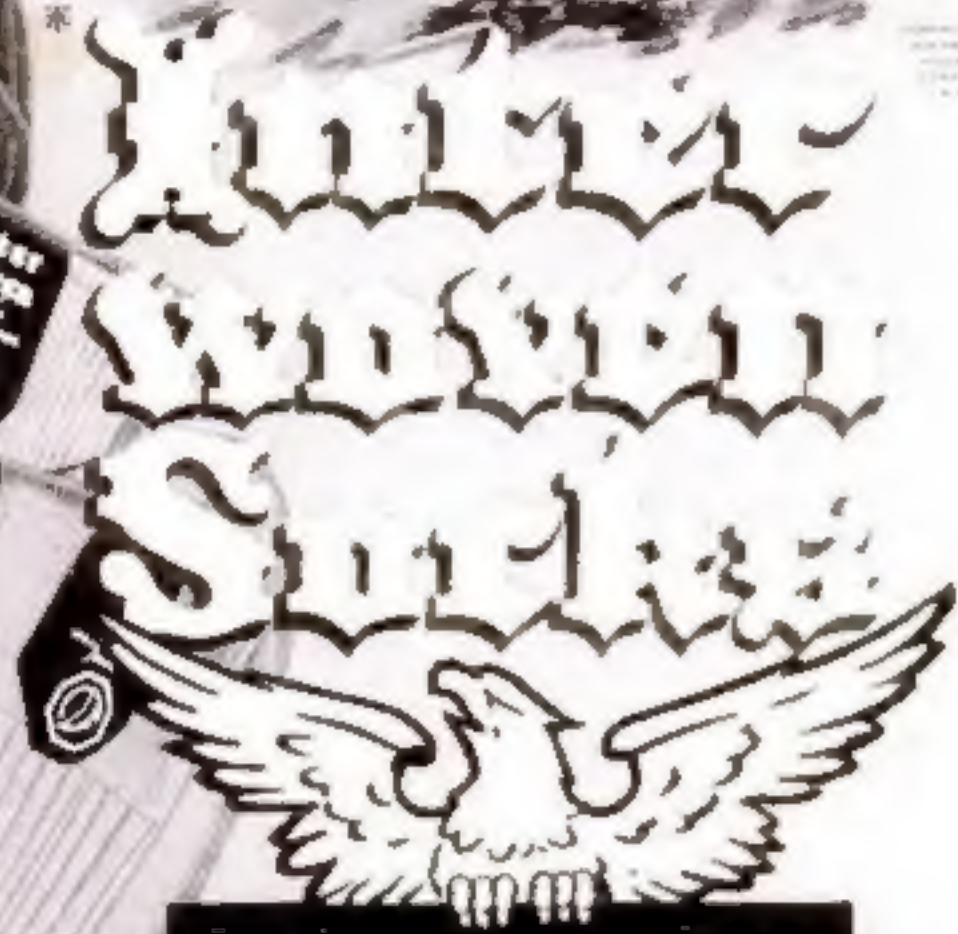
FRIGIDAIRE Division of GENERAL MOTORS

Peacetime builders of Home Appliances, Commercial Refrigeration, Air Conditioners

"Destiny Rides Again!"



SPECIAL
QUALITY
WAR-SERVICE
SOCKS



Now
WEAR
Counts

You Can't Beat
***Inter woven**
World-Famous
WEAR-RESIST-
ANCE little short
of MARVEL-
OUS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

medicine at McGill University in Montreal, many of the male students grudgingly admitted that she had been out on dates with them. A few even said that she had been their "steady." And the girls claimed that she had been their roommate.

A few weeks later Miss Lake came to Montreal for the premiere of *I Wanted Wings*. She visited McGill and, among other things, apologized to the president of the University for a slight deviation from fact. She said that she had not attended McGill when she was in Montreal, but the Villa Maria Convent for Girls.

How do I know all this? Because I used to be Veronica Lake's "steady" when she was studying medicine at McGill.

PVT. CLAUDE J. DESAUTELS
Fort Belvoir, Va.

Sirs:

If Veronica Lake thought she was fooling anyone in *Sullivan's Travels*, she has another think coming. After the first glimpse or two of her, I whispered to my husband, "Veronica is pretty much pregnant." I haven't the faintest idea what the picture was about. I was too fascinated watching a woman pregnant six or seven months play the part of a young, innocent gal. She explained the plunge in the pool, but if she took the tumble off the moving freight train, all I have to say is "what a woman," or "It could only happen in Hollywood."

MRS. CAROL STEPHENS
Lafayette, La.

"WHY AN AIRPLANE FLIES"

Sirs:

I want to express my appreciation of the article, "Why an Airplane Flies," in the May 17 issue of LIFE. I could not help but make comparisons between the brightness and lucidity of text and pictures in the article in question with the dullness and obscurity of text and illustration in school textbooks generally.

W. W. D. SONES
School of Education
Univ. of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pa.

BOY AND GIRLPOWER

Sirs:

The front cover of your May 17 issue with the title "Boypower" was of special interest to me because the title was almost a duplicate of my own title, "Youthpower," which I have been us-



GIRLPOWER

ing to explain to the country at large what the boys and the girls of America are doing.

Your article, although well written and which included a comment about the organization which I represent, was, to my mind, lacking in one respect, and that is that it did not cover the work that our girls and young women are doing to serve in the present crisis.

I am enclosing a photograph of one of our groups of girls in Cleveland, Ohio. They are busily engaged in turning out literally thousands of small but vitally important wooden wedges used in the forging of airplane parts.

J. J. FRANCOMANO
Junior Achievement, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

BACHMANN BROS., INC.

SOLAREX
SCIENTIFIC SUN GLASSES



IN SERVICE



AROUND



THE GLOBE



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PLASTIC PRODUCTS

Factory and Home Office: 1420-1438 E. Erie Ave.
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All-Time Favorite
★
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Rogue Shirt



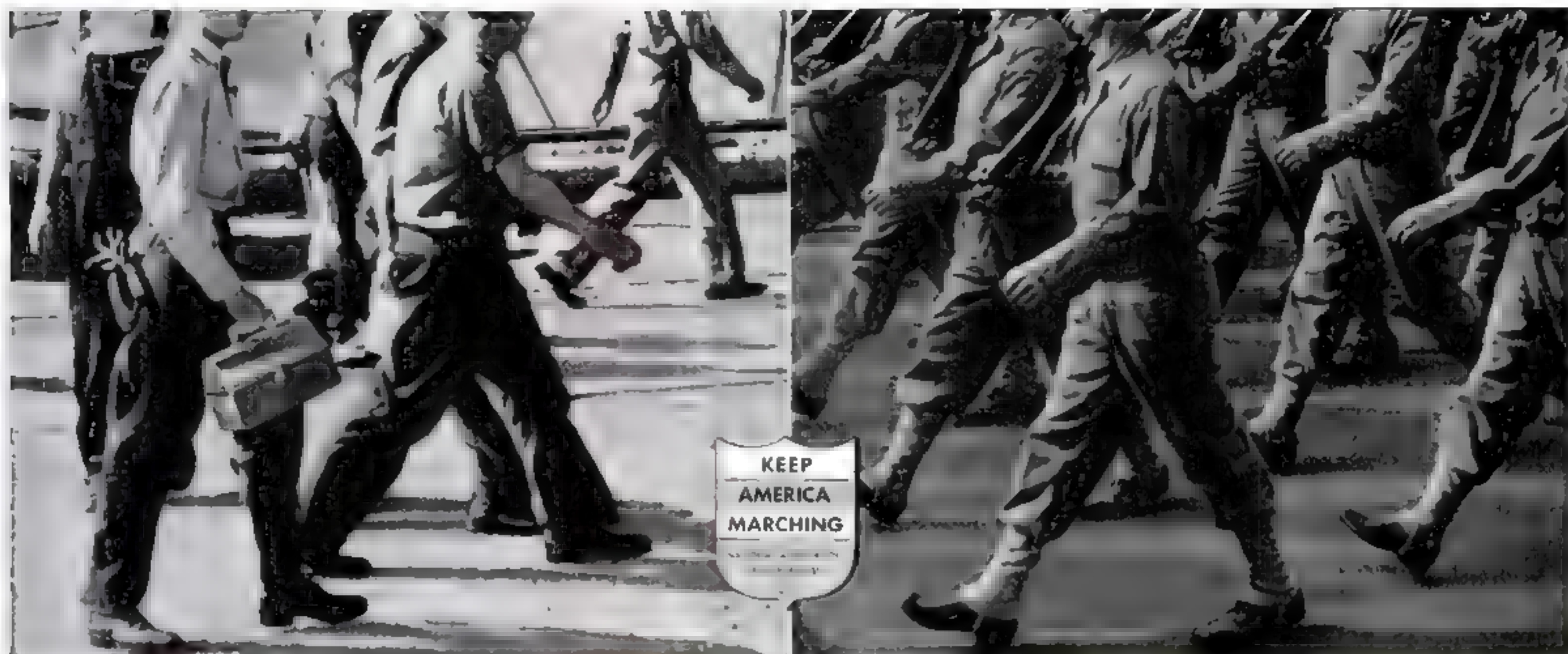
At Your Dealer

Dedicated to your off-duty hours—this easy-fitting, broad-shouldered, handsome shirt. Wear it inside or outside your slacks—it's equally SMART!

HOLLYWOOD ROGUE SPORTSWEAR, Inc.
1041 N. Highland Ave. • Hollywood, Calif.
\$5.00 to \$12.50

THE B. V. D. CORPORATION
Empire State Building • New York, N. Y.
\$2 to \$3.95

Hollywood Rogue Shirt is patented and its name is registered. Both patent and name are the property of Hollywood Rogue Sportswear, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.

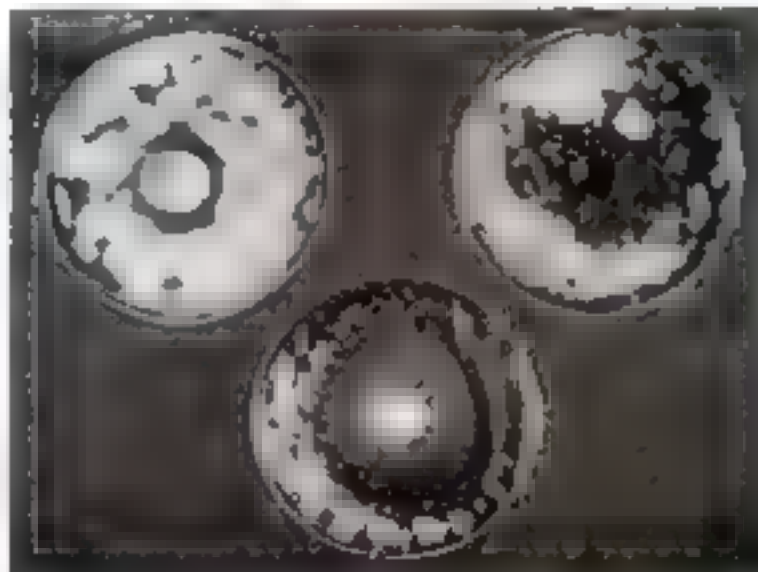


NEW SUCCESS OVER ATHLETE'S FOOT HELPS KEEP AMERICA MARCHING

EVERY AMERICAN owes it to his country as well as to himself to keep his feet in most perfect condition in order to keep working, to keep marching to victory. But surveys show that *Athlete's Foot* infects over 70% of all adults, including war workers, at some time during the year. Fortunately a new fungicidal powder—*Quinsana*—is scoring sensational successes in the nation's wartime fight against the disease. *Quinsana* action is based on scientific knowledge that the fungi which cause *Athlete's Foot* cannot live under certain *alkaline* conditions, and may thrive in shoe linings—as well as on feet—creating a vicious circle of *re-infection*.



ARSENEERISM DUE TO ATHLETE'S FOOT is fought by war plants. Some plants treat shoes with rays of powerful Westinghouse Sterilamp to combat re-infection from fungi in shoes. You can't very well do that at home, but you can use *Quinsana* powder in shoes, as well as on feet (see below).



POWER TO PREVENT GROWTH OF FUNGI is shown by width of dark area around center of round plates, in standard test above. Note superiority of *Quinsana* (bottom circle) over two other well-known *Athlete's Foot* preparations. *Quinsana* is fungicidal, bactericidal, non-irritating, highly absorbent.



AMAZING SUCCESS OF QUINSANA in tests of thousands of persons is charted above. Note incidence of *Athlete's Foot* before (left) and after (right) 30 days *Quinsana* treatment.

Usual symptoms of *Athlete's Foot* are chronic peeling and cracks between toes, blisters, itching, soggy skin. Mild symptoms may suddenly become more serious. Inflammation may mean bacterial infection; see physician or chiropodist.

Athlete's Foot fungi can exist almost everywhere. Everyone should use *Quinsana* daily, as an aid in prevention as well as relief. (*Diabetics* should be doubly sure to use *Quinsana* regularly.) *Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., San Francisco.*

HOW 2-WAY TREATMENT FIGHTS ATHLETE'S FOOT



1. USE QUINSANA ON FEET DAILY TO HELP PREVENT AND RELIEVE INFECTION.



2. SHAKE QUINSANA IN SHOES TO ABSORB MOISTURE, REDUCING CHANCES OF RE-INFECTION.



LARGE PACKAGE ONLY 55¢ (ALSO EXCELLENT FOR EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION, FOOT ODOR)



Broome is awakened on leave by children who shout that Churchill has announced convoy's safe arrival in Russia.



Back on duty, he finds his next orders to take a convoy to Russia and he determines to catch the children about it.



Letter cautions children to keep spies from its secrets. Even the dog-friendly will be shut out, must be shut out.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

... BRITISH OFFICER DRAWS CONVOY FOR HIS CHILDREN

Most people think of convoy life in terms of unending grimness, with the discomforts of weather and submarine attacks crowding close upon one another. But the escort men who have the dangerous job of guarding convoys also find a good deal of boredom in their lives. Nothing can be more monotonous than days at sea without incident. Sometimes the routine is broken as an escort commodore exchanges a series of sarcastic signals with a particularly stubborn convoy commodore who wants things run his own way. Often escort men have private jokes about particular ships or ports which they discuss by blinker light among themselves.

No escort captain is more intimately acquainted

with the dangers, the dullness and the bits of humor that break the monotony of convoy life than Commander J. E. Broome, R. N., whose drawings appear on these pages. He was recently in charge of an important Allied convoy to Russia which was constantly attacked but was finally brought safely through to port. After it was all over, Commander Broome decided to draw some of his experiences for his two small children in England, Simon and Judy. Both had always wanted to know just what their father did when he was away at sea. So for them he depicted, in exaggerated detail, the port where the merchant ships gathered and the daily happenings as the convoy moved along the northern sup-

ply route until it finally arrived in Russia. All of his drawings, even those that show the risky fights with German submarines and torpedo planes, are touched with the humor he found in each situation.

Commander Broome's artistic talents have found outlet beyond his family life. He is famous throughout convoy ports of the North Atlantic for a set of posters cautioning merchantmen on the dangers that attend the nonobservance of convoy rules about making smoke and straggling (see p. 13). His pen has also brightened many heavy official convoy publications with amusing and pertinent drawings. But no work gives him more pleasure than finding something that will make Simon and Judy laugh.



Merchantmen loaded with war supplies are anchored in "Port Nameless" awaiting departure of convoy. One ship is piled so high with goods, captain must navigate from tank.



Escort captains go ashore for conference disguised in varied civilian attire to mislead any lurking spies. Broome has caricatured actual captains of British escort vessels for children.



Convoy starts out in neat lines under a low overcast with barrage-balloon wires disappearing in clouds. These balloons keep German dive bombers at a respectful distance from ships.



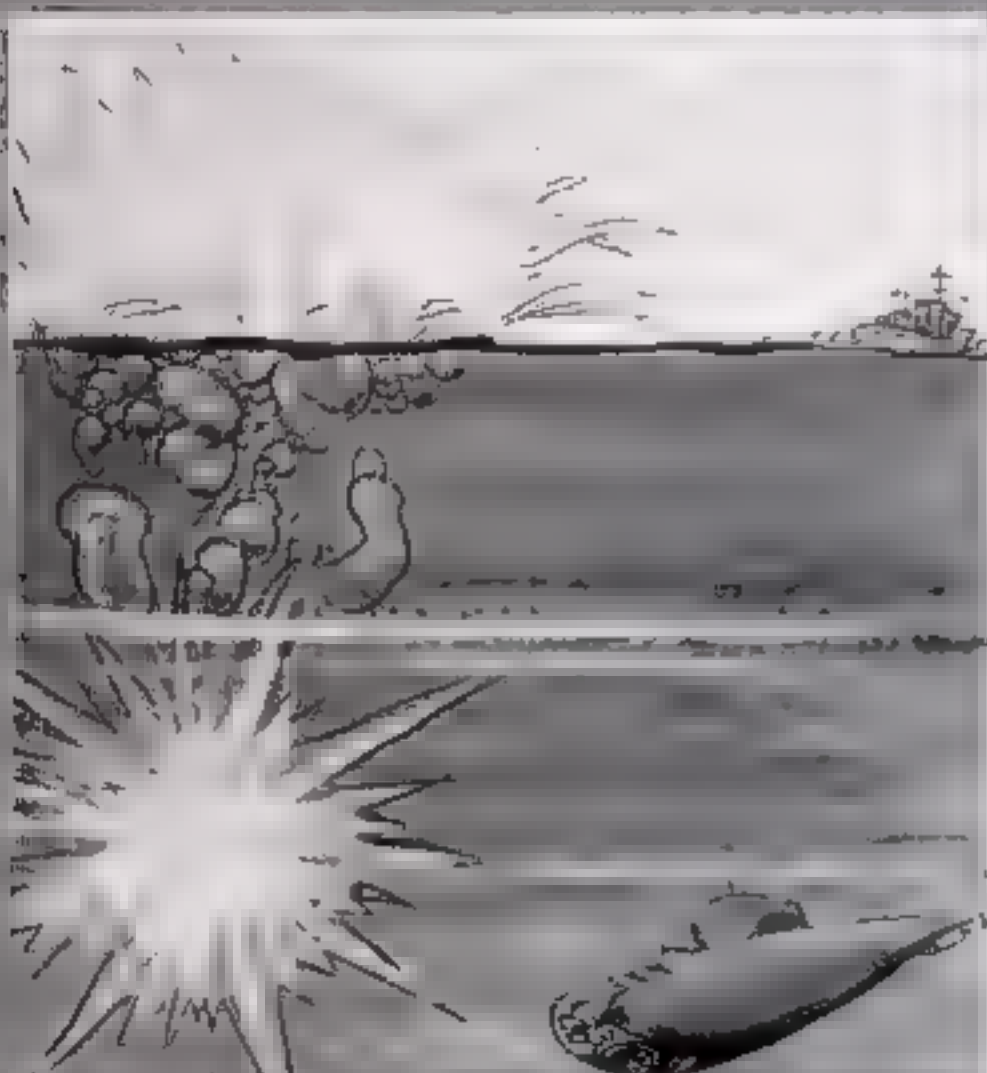
Patrol plane spots balloons above clouds and then flies low to warn convoy they will attract enemy planes if not pulled down. The long-lashed lady balloon is especially for July.



First casualty of trip is masthead lookout on Commander Broome's ship who freezes up and has to be thawed out with hot soup. The other sailor keeps eye cocked for enemy planes.



Five torpedoes make for Commander Broome's escort which goes into frantic wriggles to escape them. Commander remembers this accident as not being very humorous at the time.



Submarine is given headache by exploding depth charge. British escorts on this trip ran up high submarine score.



Indignant seal appears to inquire why everyone is making noise with so much more ocean in which to fight a war.



Broome's first lieutenant is repulsed by Russian boy sentry who resents invitation to have a drink aboard ship.



THINK *before you travel*

HE is one in two million who every month board American railroad trains under military orders to ride away on sombre, terrible, necessary business — the business of America's salvation — the business of war.

To move these two million men each month in special cars and trains takes more than one-half of all the sleeping cars and one-third of all the coaches in the United States.

With what equipment is left the railroads must move individual servicemen or smaller groups traveling under orders — soldiers, sailors, marines and coast guards on furlough — families visiting servicemen in camps — businessmen and other workers on war business — those who can no longer use their automobiles — and every other sort of traveler by rail.

In all, the railroads today carry nearly four times the passenger traffic of 1939.

That's the score today, and Americans who know it understand why travelers sometimes have to wait at ticket windows or why they cannot always get accommodations when they want them.

Whether you travel this summer — and where — and when, are questions which you alone can answer — but answer them with your eyes fixed on the fighting fronts and with the needs of the armed forces in your mind.

When your trip is necessary, you can help by asking the railroad ticket agents about the less crowded days and trains on which to travel. You can help by traveling "light" and by canceling reservations promptly if your plans are changed.

The American railroads and railroad men will continue to do their utmost to get through the heavy movements indispensable to winning the war.

AMERICAN



RAILROADS

ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

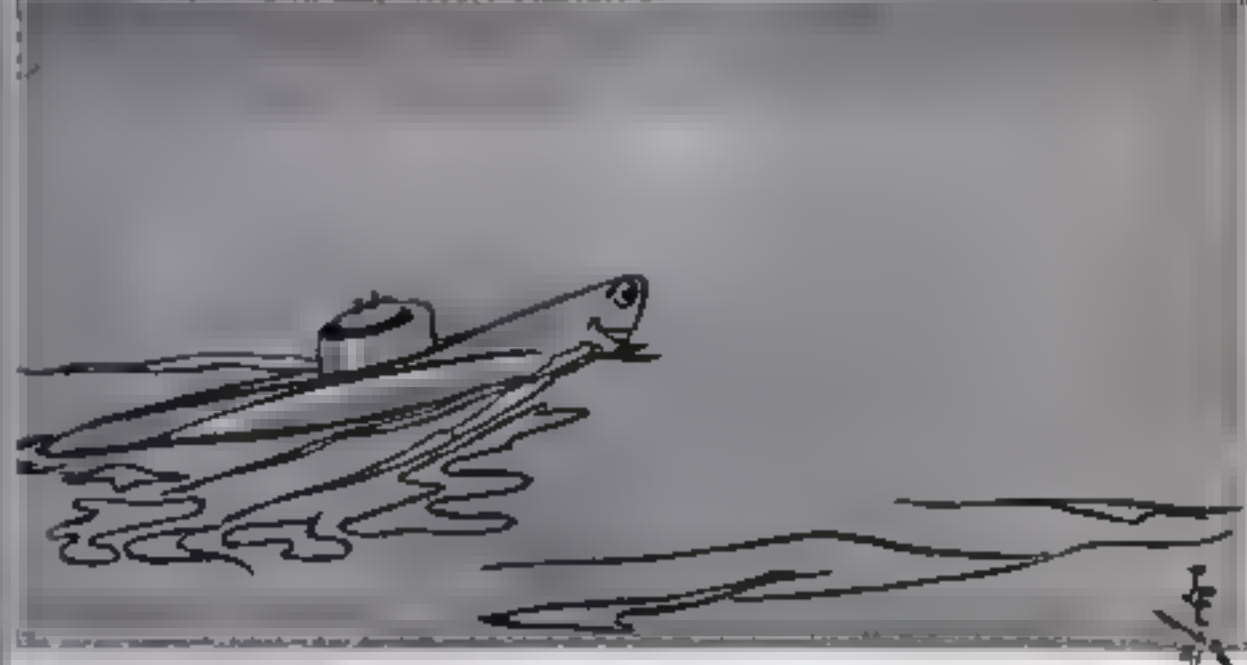
(continued)

AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF THE STRAGGLER'S CLUB



Plight of "Straggler's Club" is drawn by Commander Broune in a poster that is well known to convoy men. Straggling is a serious convoy offense.

PROBABLY U SMOKE



CONVOYS HAVE BEEN SEEN 36 MILES AWAY BY THEIR SMOKE

Merchant ships that smoke in convoy draw submarines from over the horizon, this poster warns. Simple lessons like these are taken to heart.

I said Stop.... and he did !

THE GIRL: Honest, I was just playing hard-to-get! I didn't really want him to stop kissing me!

US: Maybe one kiss was all he wanted...maybe he discovered you only look dainty! There's a real secret to daintiness, y'know—the secret of bathing body odor away, the feminine way!

THE GIRL: The feminine way? Is there such a thing? I thought a soap that removes body odor effectively had to have that strong, "mannish" smell!

US: Not this one, honey...here's a truly gentle, truly feminine soap that leaves you alluringly scented...and daily use stops all body odor! Try it and see...



US: The rich, fragrant lather of today's specially-made Cashmere Bouquet Soap bathes away every trace of body odor instantly!

THE GIRL: It's true! Suds like whipped cream...and—mm-mm—what heavenly perfume! Smells like \$20-an-ounce!

US: (proudly) That's why Cashmere Bouquet is called "the soap with the fragrance men love"...and remember not even the strongest "mannish" soap can get rid of perspiration better than complexion-gentle Cashmere Bouquet!

THE GIRL: Oh, boy! I've got a date with him tonight...an' just to make sure of my allure I'm going to say "stop" again if he kisses me.

THE GIRL: Bless me! Three times I said "Stop", and four times he kissed me! Does Cashmere Bouquet guarantee he'll always be so ardent?

US: Your own loveliness guarantees that, dear girl...Cashmere Bouquet just insures the perfection of tender moments like this by guarding your daintiness!

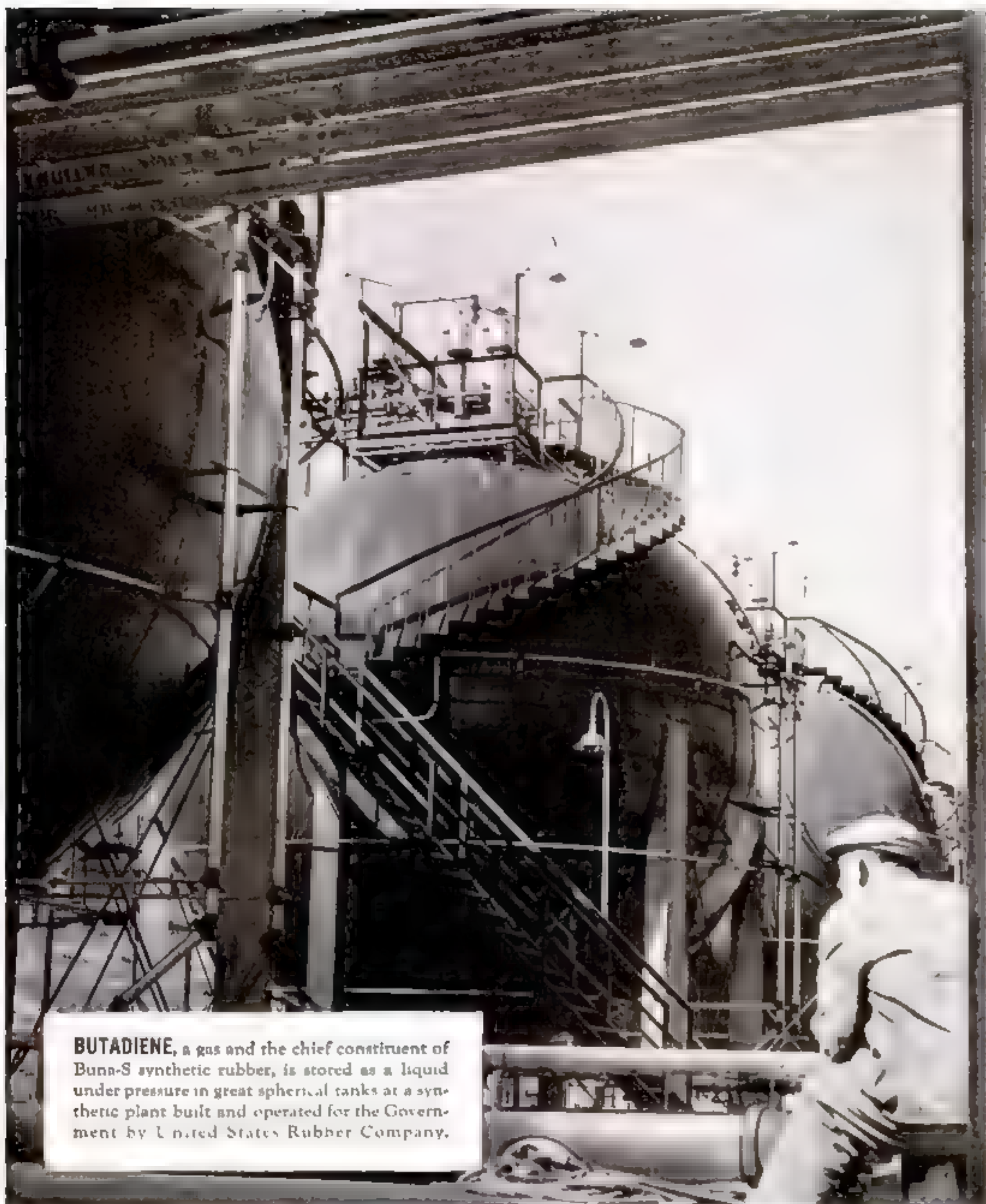
THE GIRL: But look at my ring! He wants me for life!

US: And you'll stay sweet as you are tonight, for life...if you remember the secret of Cashmere Bouquet Soap!



Stay dainty each day...
with **Cashmere Bouquet**

THE SOAP WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



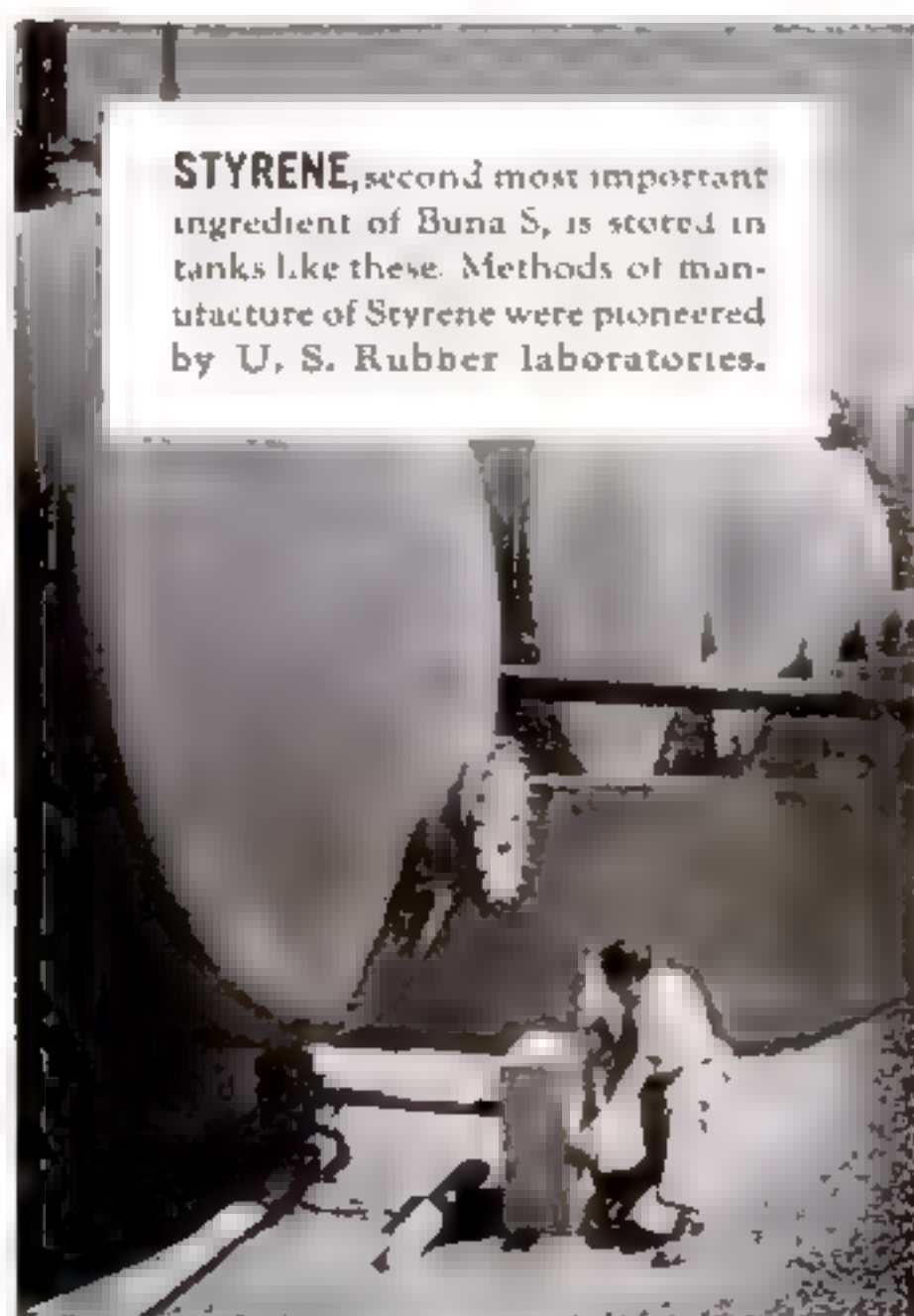
BUTADIENE, a gas and the chief constituent of Buna-S synthetic rubber, is stored as a liquid under pressure in great spherical tanks at a synthetic plant built and operated for the Government by United States Rubber Company.



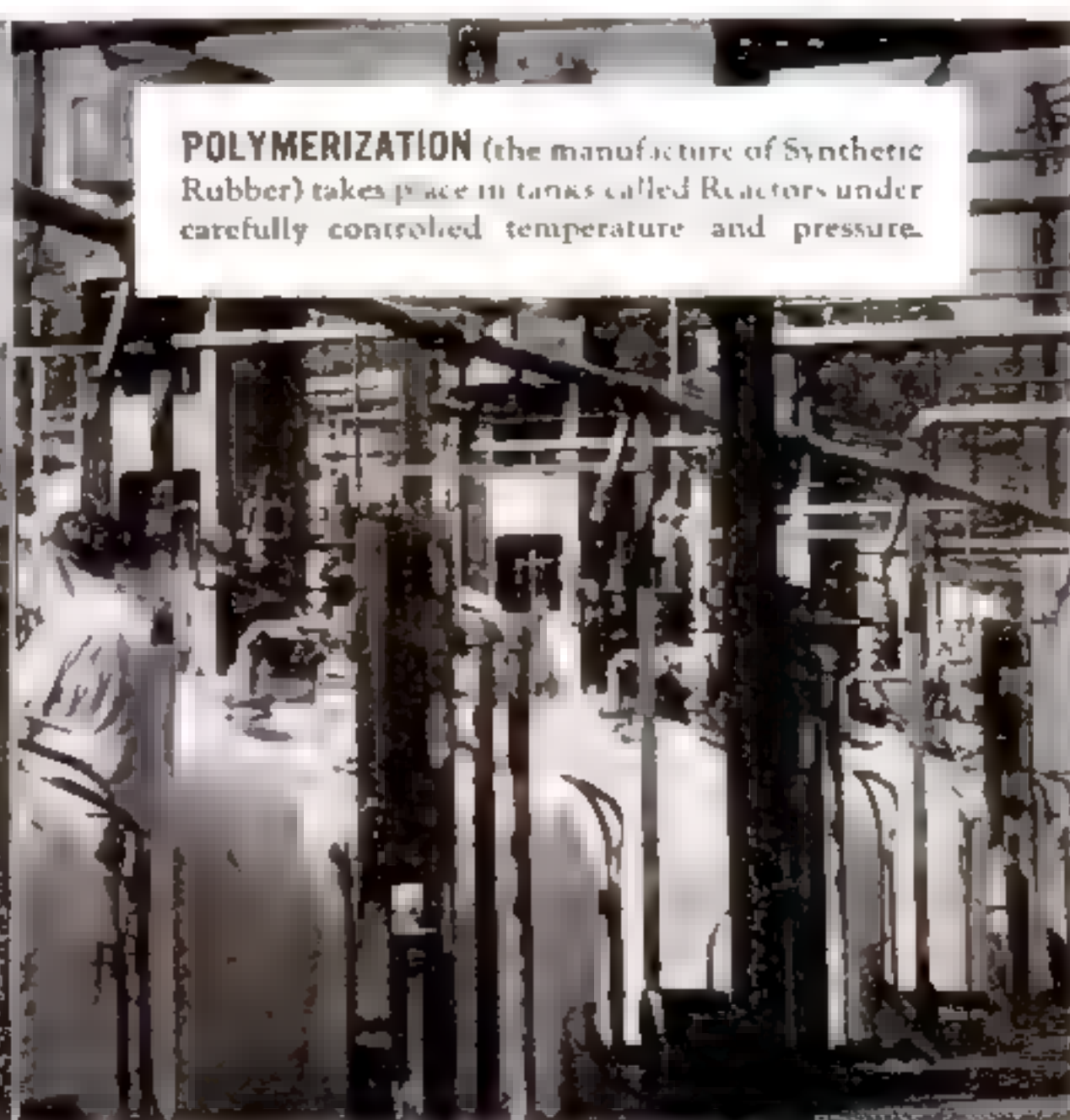
WASHING. After coagulation, flocs or crumbs of synthetic rubber, looking like popcorn, are washed to remove chemicals.



TUBING—that looks very much like a butcher's meat grinder—squeezes synthetic rubber into strings and removes excess water before the synthetic goes to the driers for further processing.



STYRENE, second most important ingredient of Buna S, is stored in tanks like these. Methods of manufacture of Styrene were pioneered by U. S. Rubber laboratories.



POLYMERIZATION (the manufacture of Synthetic Rubber) takes place in tanks called Reactors under carefully controlled temperature and pressure.



FINISHING of synthetic rubber includes milling to proper plasticity and uniformity. Here you see synthetic rubber leaving the finishing mill in the form of a sheet ready to be baled for shipment.

WHAT IS SYNTHETIC RUBBER?

Synthetic rubber can be made from gasoline, coal, alcohol and gases kept liquid under pressure. This means that a synthetic rubber plant is made up of hundreds of miles of pipe, acres of tanks and more acres of giant-sized chemical retorts or reactors.

Manufacturing synthetic rubber is a process requiring vast and special equipment. Each of the five basic commercial types is produced in virtually the same way...by hooking little molecules together to form increasingly larger ones. But...because each of the basic synthetic rubbers is capable of myriads of variations...it is what is done to the synthetic rubber after it is produced that really counts. It must be processed. Reagents and catalysts must be added to it. It must be specifically compounded for the specific task. United States Rubber Company pioneered in developing many of the

major processes used in fitting synthetic rubber for the jobs it must handle.

This is rubber chemistry...and United States Rubber Company is the largest manufacturer of rubber chemicals in the world. Throughout our hundred years' history, we have worked with rubber, improved it, broadened its uses. We pioneered in the production of conductive rubber, cellular rubber...a score of other revolutionary advances in rubber manufacturing.

It is only natural that we have built up a tremendous backlog of knowledge and experience in processing rubber to handle a certain definite job. Today, this fund of knowledge of rubber chemistry is being drawn upon to the fullest in our work with synthetic rubber to supply the Armed Forces and war industries with the synthetic rubber and synthetic rubber products they need.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

1230 Sixth Avenue, Rockefeller Center, New York



In Canada, Dominion Rubber Co., Ltd.



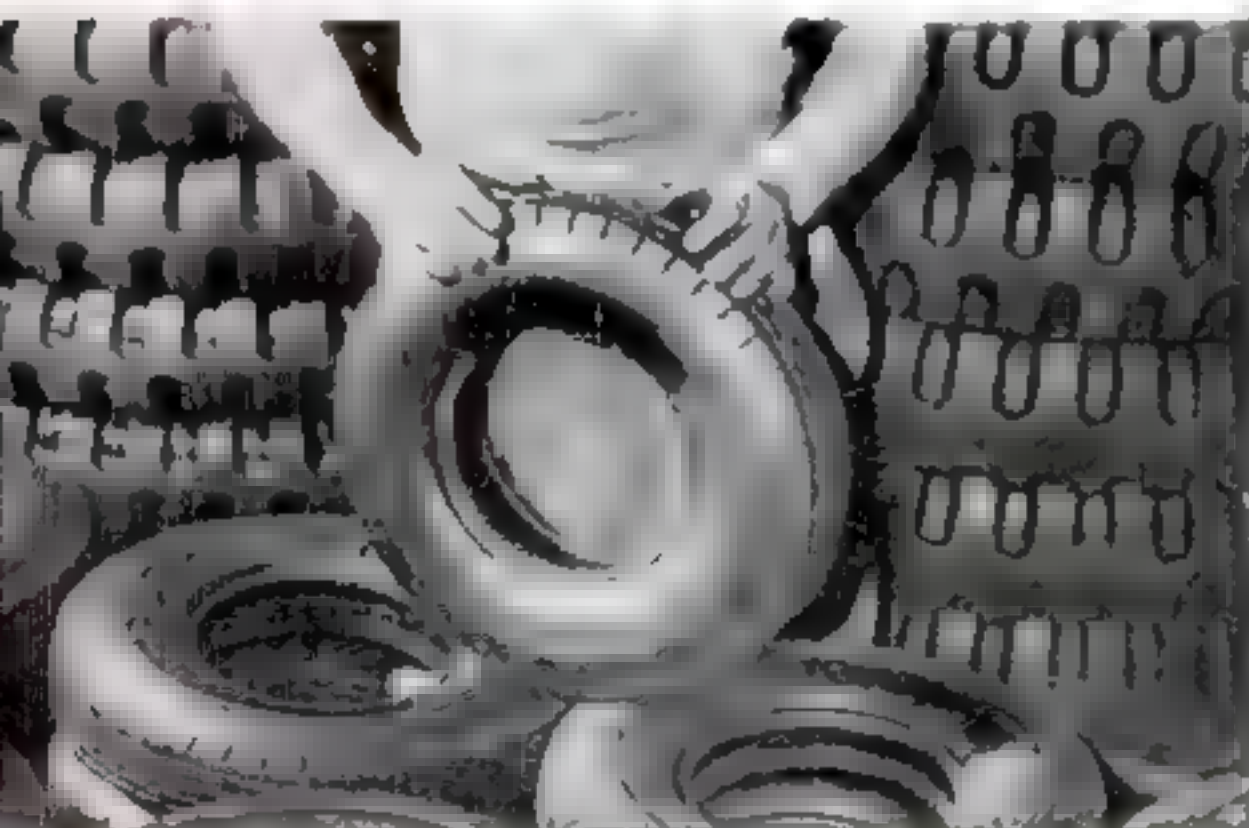
SYNTHETIC RUBBER HOSE for fuel has been made commercially by U. S. Rubber since 1931. Synthetic rubber has marked superiority to natural rubber in its resistance to deterioration due to oil or gasoline. Synthetic rubber hose plays an important part in speeding the shipment of vital fuels.

RUBBER PONTONS for the Army Engineers are made with synthetic rubber. They are used not only as supports for temporary, floating bridges, but also as ferries for transporting men and equipment to establish a bridgehead. After use they can be deflated, repacked into small cases and trucked away for repeated service.



CONDUCTIVE RUBBER TUB LINERS

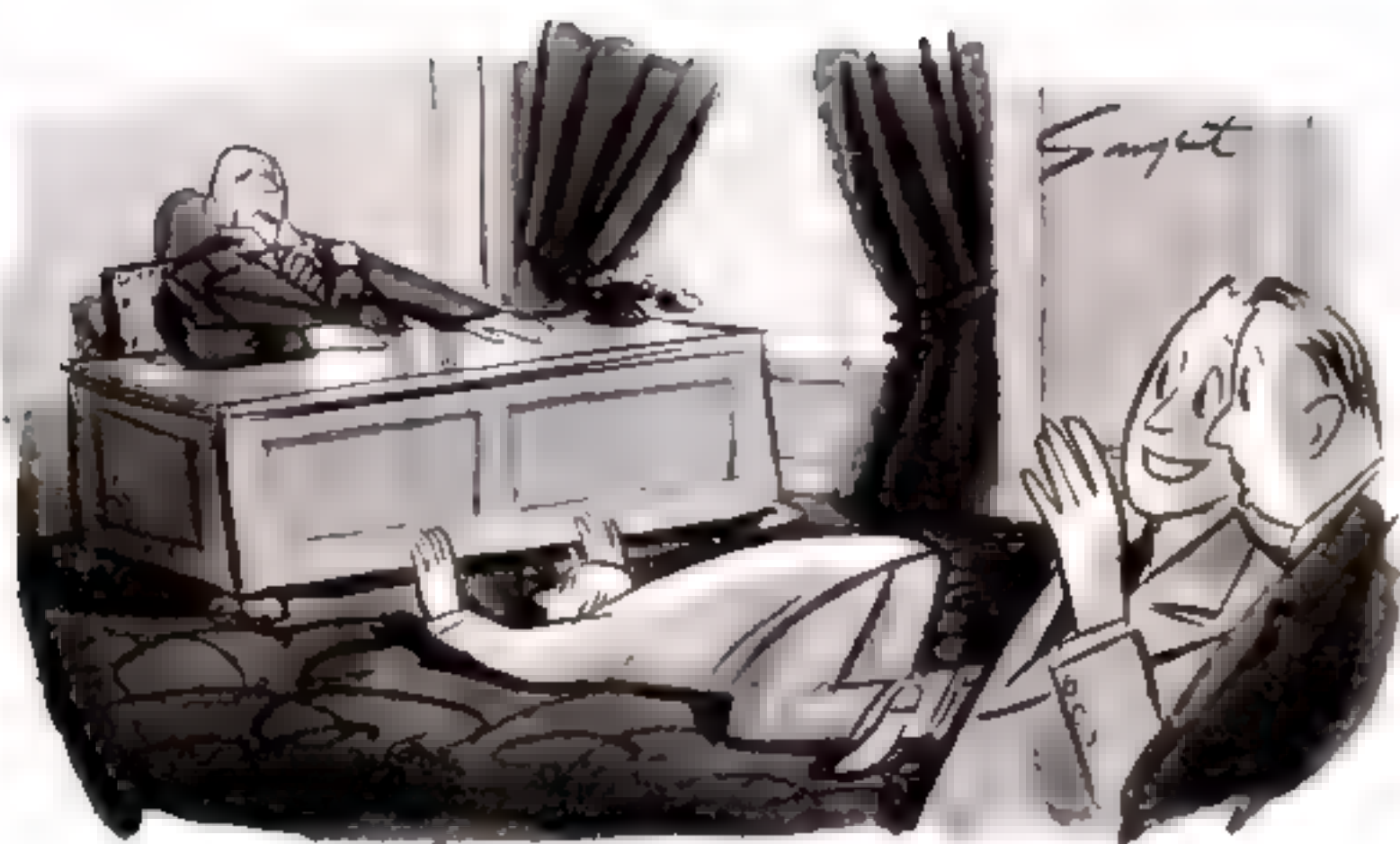
are used in munitions plants for handling highly explosive materials like T. N. T. They are an important safety factor because they prevent mechanical as well as electrical sparks and dissipate static electricity before it can cause a serious explosion. This is another war job being handled efficiently by synthetic rubber.



SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRES

for the Armed Forces and industrial uses combine latest developments of the chemistry of rubber and textile manufacture. U.S. Royal Airplane Tires with treads made of synthetic rubber and bodies built of synthetic fiber are proving that they can take the shock of giant bomber landings.





"Jones could get ahead easier if he'd only use Mum!"

UNDERARM odor is a high, high hurdle on the track to business success.

Men - Most - Likely - to - Succeed know it—and that is why so very many of them use Mum regularly. It's easy to see that a bath or a shower can only remove past per-

spiration—but that Mum prevents risk of future odor. Mum is quick—it takes only 30 seconds for a protective dab under each arm.

Mum is safe—for your skin or your clothing. And its good effects last all through the day or evening. Get Mum at your drug store today.

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

MIRACLE DRUG

SULFATHIAZOLE

Now in
BAUER & BLACK'S
HANDI-TAPE
for Home Front
First Aid



SULFATHIAZOLE, the same powerful protective agent used by the Army and Navy to fight infection, comes to you now in Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE... the instant bandage that gives you modern protection against possible infection of the minor cuts, blisters, and abrasions that occur in home and factory.

This new Curity HANDI-TAPE has

all the familiar conveniences you've always liked... the washable Wet-Pruf adhesive tape... the neat gauze pad with all raw edges folded in... the firm, lasting grip... the instant readiness so vital in first aid... all these—plus the modern protection of SULFATHIAZOLE.

Have Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE always ready in your medicine chest... kitchen... car... home work-shop... office. Buy several of the easily identified yellow and blue packages at your drugstore today.



Curity
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SULFA-thia-zole
HANDI-TAPE

(BAUER & BLACK)

Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago



LIFE'S COVER: Captain Joe Foss of the U. S. Marines, with 26 Jap planes to his credit, is this war's greatest ace. He is shown on the terrace outside the White House executive offices after receiving the Congressional Medal of Honor from President Roosevelt. Beginning on page 88, LIFE tells the story of this South Dakota farm boy who became a national hero.

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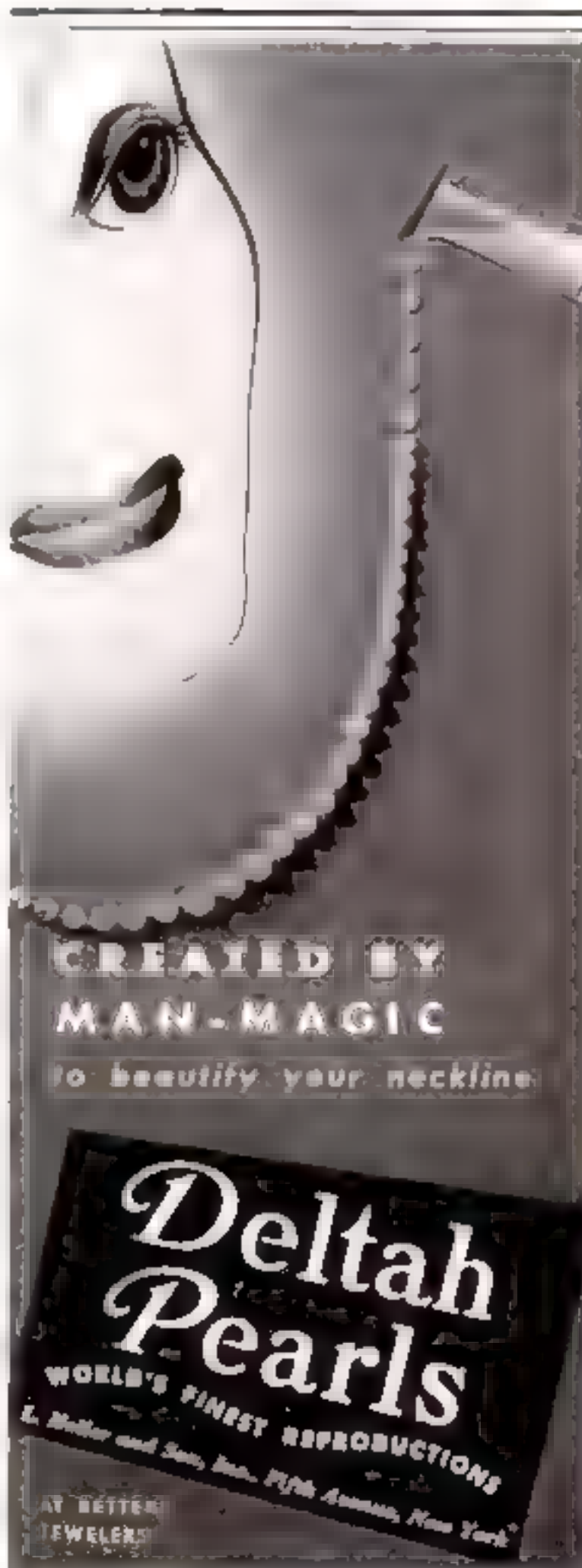
Improvements like Tampax are rare indeed

Doctor perfects method of sanitary protection without belts or pins



Once in a blue moon something comes along which is so convenient, so neat and so simple that you wonder how you managed all those

years with a far clumsier and more complicated method... Here is Tampax, for instance—a form of monthly sanitary protection to be worn internally. Small in size, it is made of surgical cotton compressed into a dainty throwaway applicator... No pins, belts, pads. No odor, chafing or bulges. Easily "changed"—and no embarrassing disposal problem. Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is sold at drug stores and notion counters in three absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Millions use Tampax now. Join them this month in this modern way. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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LIFE'S PICTURES

Chief Petty Officer Jack January, the U. S. Coast Guard combat photographer pictured here in his working clothes, got the sort of break any photographer would envy. His pictures of the cutter *Spencer* sinking a German U-boat (see pp. 28-35) are the complete record of a rare and wonderful event. A former news photographer for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, he got so excited during the action that for a few moments he almost forgot to shoot it

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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10, 11, 13—COMDR. J. E. BROOME, R. N.	62, 63, 64—FRANK SCHERSCHKE
17—OFFICIAL U. S. COAST GUARD PHOTO	73 through 81—MYRON H. DAVIS
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25—A. P.	90 through 96—OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTOS
26, 27—A. P.	98, 99, 100, 101—PETER STACKPOLE
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8 intriguing shades, \$1.

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"BOND STREET" BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

BY *Yardley*

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Take heart, little lady

AMERICA'S FUTURE IS SAFE IN YOUR ARMS

FEAR NOT FOR THE FUTURE—for America is more than a land of promise. It is a land of fulfillment—where promises come true.

Yes, ours is a strong nation because of you, and all the other young wives and mothers who have courage and determination in the American tradition.

From the earliest time . . . through the founding of our nation in pioneer days . . . through War and in Peace . . . the young women of this country have bravely faced the world with the men of their choice, borne their children and reared them to be fine citizens all.

Yes, Little Lady, you quite literally are holding the future of America in your arms. And the

sacrifices that you and that husband of yours are making are not in vain.

Look beyond these dark wartime days into the bright future that is not so far away. A future in which your courage in starting a family in these trying times will be repaid a thousandfold : : : a future of better things . . . of better living. Such always has been the American History—and so it always will be.

It is fitting that we of The Prudential should speak of the future. For the future has always been our business—providing protection and security for the "tomorrow" of American families.

And so we salute the wartime brides of this

nation . . . the women who are keeping the tradition of American family life alive : : . the women who will mold so much of America's future.

For indeed—the future belongs to those who prepare for it, and out of today's trials and troubles will come a will for an even better America. We of Prudential pledge to work with you to that end—to continue to be of help to America's families.

THE PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

A Mutual Company

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
FROM YOUR PRUDENTIAL AGENT

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

THE DARK OF NIGHT BROODS OVER AN ILLINOIS FARMHOUSE NEAR BANKS OF THE WABASH AS RAIN KEEPS SLASHING DOWN AND THE RELENTLESS FLOOD RISES MENACINGLY

FLOODS RAVAGE MIDWEST FARMS

A dark and deadly storm has been sweeping through the U. S. Midwest, spilling its rains into the swollen streams and rivers of the great flat farm lands. The incessant deluge, which started early last month, was still rising on May 29, as the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers reached an all-time high. Although at week's end other rampaging rivers—the Missouri, the Wabash, the White, the Osage and the Illinois—were slowly receding, the damage had been done—a damage figuratively equivalent to a couple of Nazi divisions plundering through the heart of America.

While the United Nations Food Conference at Hot Springs finished a second week of theoretical discussion, the food the delegates talked about was shrinking fast. The floods meant delayed planting, loss of livestock and equipment, smaller eventual harvests. In Illinois, Kansas, Indiana, Oklahoma, Missouri and

Arkansas millions of acres of fertile bottom lands were inundated, their spring seeds washed away or rotted. Hardest hit state was Illinois (*see above*) where more than a million acres of level, slow-draining ground lay under water.

For the first time in the history of a major American flood, damage to human beings was not nearly so important as the devastation wrought on lesser forms of life. To be sure, hundreds of thousands were made homeless while whole towns were evacuated. But deaths were few and as the immediate physical danger faded, the U. S. became increasingly aware of the flood's long-term peril to the nation's vital wartime food supply.

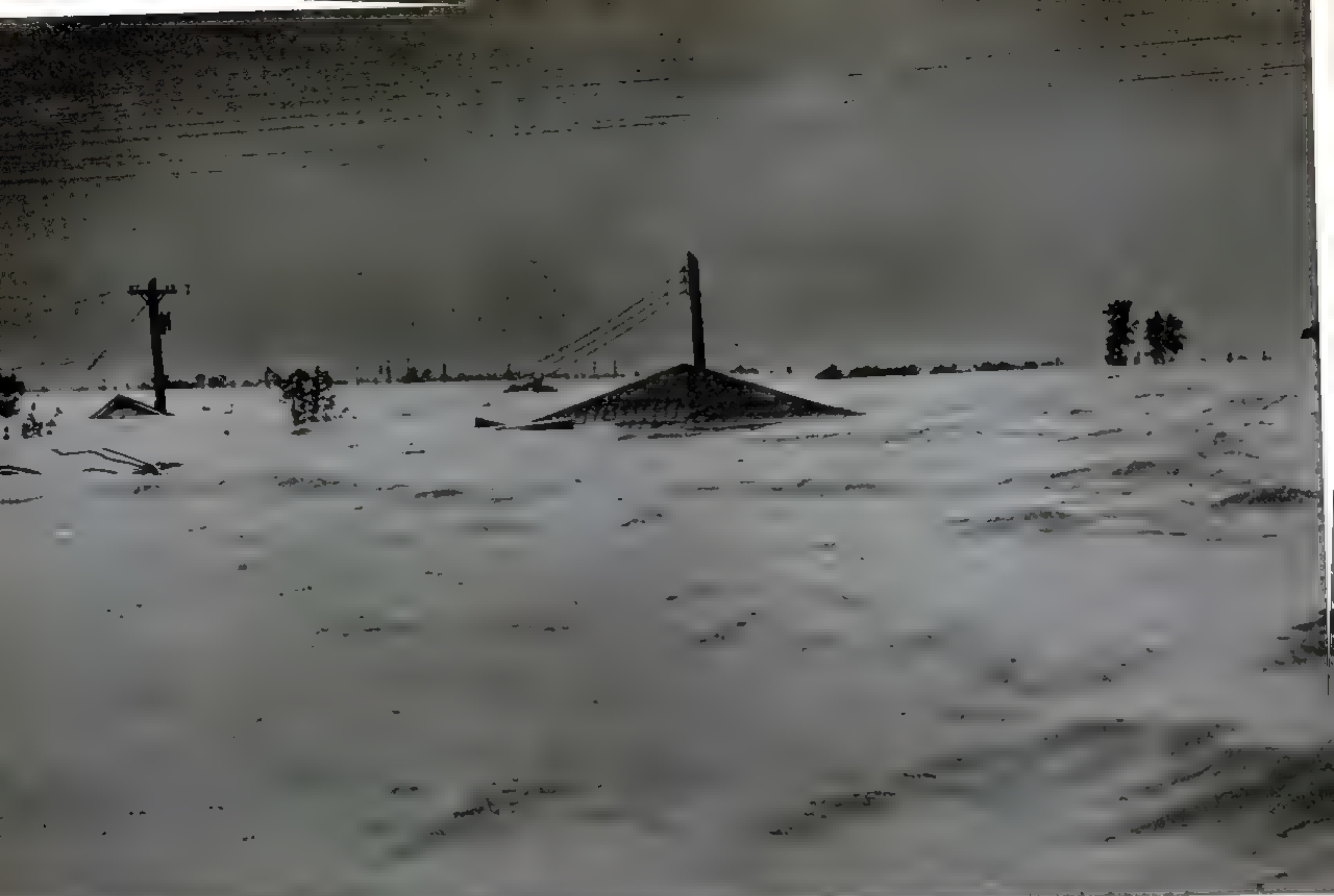
Frantic farmers were liquidating hogs and cattle, fearing a fodder shortage by fall. Feed manufacturers for livestock and poultry warned of an imminent

close-down unless supplies became more plentiful, as the farmers were holding on to their corn stocks.

The wet weather was extremely favorable for corn borers, which already have seriously infested Illinois fields. Thousands of acres of winter wheat, oats and rye were partially destroyed and will have to be replanted with corn and soybeans. Farmers feared that replanting at this late date increased the danger of crops being harmed by fall frosts before they mature.

At week's end Food Administrator Chester Davis and the Department of Agriculture were desperately trying to minimize the crushing effects of the weather by making new machinery available to farmers, getting them badly needed supplies for reseeding, fencing, and replacement of stock and structures.

For photographs of the Midwest's record flood and some of its disastrous effects, see the following pages.



BUILDINGS ALONG U. S. HIGHWAY 60 (ABOVE) ARE ALMOST SUBMERGED BY FLOOD. BELOW: RAGING DESTRUCTIVE WATER OF WANASH RIVER SURROUNDS FARMER'S HOME AND BARN





DOWNPOUR ADDS TO SWIRLING CHAOS AROUND FARM BUILDINGS ON ILLINOIS SIDE OF WABASH WEST OF VINCENNES, IND. CREST OF RIVER ROSE TO 29.7 FEET AT STORM'S HEIGHT





ILLINOIS FARM IS STREWN WITH RUBBLE AFTER THE FLOOD HAS SWEEPED THROUGH



SUCKLING PIGS TRAIL PROCESSION OF LIVESTOCK MADE HOMELESS BY MISSOURI'S OVERFLOW

FLOOD DELAYS PLANTING, DAMAGES FARM EQUIPMENT, DECIMATES THE LIVESTOCK

The rains stopped last week and the torrents of spring began subsiding into their accustomed beds. But the damage—as shown by the pictures on these pages, had been done. In six of the states which comprise the fertile U. S. breadbasket 3,926,000 acres had been inundated. It was a blow more devastating than the bursting of the German dams this month by the R. A. F. To help win the war, U. S. farmers had cast aside the policy of crop rotation to put their fields into 100% production. Wheat and barley were heading up. The

first corn was jabbing through the topsoil. Potato plants were beginning to sprout. And then the rains came in May—day after day—and the rivers rose, inch by inch. Farmers prayed, levees along rivers were strengthened and emergency precautions taken. When the break came there was nothing especially dramatic, nothing like the surging, perilous flood of 1937. It was more like a slow, creeping paralysis, spreading over the rich bottom lands. Late last week the flood shrunk, leaving naked farms with vast land lakes of jelled mud.

SWOLLEN WABASH RECEDES, LEAVING IN ITS WAKE SOGGY FARM LAND, RUTTED AND DESPOILED, COVERED WITH DEBRIS. IT WILL BE THREE WEEKS BEFORE REPLANTING CAN BEGIN





A MULE LIES DEAD IN THE FLOODED ROAD
AS DISPOSSESSED FARM ANIMALS STRAGGLE
ALONG IN THE FLIGHT TOWARD DRY LAND

THE STRIKE TROUBLE

LABOR LEADERS NOW FACE SAME SPECTERS AS BUSINESSMEN OF 1930'S—FEAR AND UNCERTAINTY

During the last several weeks the nation has been distracted by a wave of strikes. Herewith, some examples:

April 23-29—Several thousand coal miners stopped work, and stoppages continued despite an order by the President. Main feature was John L. Lewis' refusal to submit to the decisions of the War Labor Board.

May 20-23—25,000 participated in war-work stoppages at seven Chrysler plants in protest against—among other things—"needless delays by the War Labor Board."

May 22-27—52,000 rubber workers in four Akron plants struck against a War Labor Board decision to grant them a raise of only three cents an hour instead of eight.

May 25—2,000 employes of Spicer Manufacturing Corp., Toledo, halted production of Willys-Overland jeeps to protest the firing of one worker and reclassification of others.

May 25—1,000 struck at Timken Roller Bearing, Canton, Ohio, on the grounds that the company was violating seniority provisions.

May 25—2,000 United Auto Workers walked out at Electric Auto-Lite, Toledo, to protest delay in proceedings of War Labor Board.

May 25—1,900 held up production of ball bearings at Marlin-Rockwell Corp., Jamestown, N. Y., to protest a pay rate for new workers which they thought too high.

May 26—400 Steel Workers of America struck at the Andrews Steel Co., Newport, Ky. for a 23% increase in hourly rates.

A complete list of strikes, stoppages and serious obstructions would run much longer and include a lot of odds and ends: a bus drivers' walkout in Utica, N. Y.—a strike of the A. F. of L. transit workers in Baltimore—the refusal of the New York milk drivers to make double deliveries to save gasoline—and so forth.

Meanwhile, on May 27, the Army announced total casualties from the Tunisian campaign—18,558 American boys, of whom 9,437 are wounded and 2,184 are dead.

These Are Americans

To patriots all over the land these manifestations of the labor movement have become just about intolerable. The President spoke for the country at large when he called the big Akron strike "inexcusable" and "shocking." Everywhere emotions ran high. Congress smoldered. Newspapers blossomed with editorials. Farmers cursed. And millions of young Americans in the armed services were baffled and crestfallen.

Strikes in wartime cannot be justified on any basis. And yet it is time also to realize that they cannot be cured by emotional outbursts. Diagnosis—not oratory—is the need of the hour. It is a time for men to try to un-

derstand one another. For instance, many critics of labor begin with the assumption that the striking workers are bad and unpatriotic Americans. Yet this assumption, whatever its oratorical advantages, has almost no validity. The seemingly illogical fact is that, however unpatriotic their strikes, the workers are just as good Americans as any other group. We must approach them with the same assumption that we make about the Administration itself, the farmers, the shopkeepers, the industrialists, everybody—that, whatever our several faults, we are all Americans and we are all at heart loyal. Only when the critic comes to this realization can he hope to find out what is the matter with labor, because only then can he ask the intelligent questions that need to be asked. Is there, for instance, a lack of information among the rank and file concerning the desperate importance of their work? Is there a lack of patriotic labor leadership? Or is there some deeper trouble of which the country is not aware?

Down the River

A complete answer to such questions would be very complicated. For certainly it is true that the workers lack information about the war—though they can scarcely claim any unique disadvantage in this regard. And certainly it is true that some of their leaders, notably John L. Lewis, would have difficulty in passing an examination at the bar of patriotism. But after all such questions had been examined the diagnosis would still be incomplete. The evidences of "deeper trouble" are inescapable.

The nature of this "deeper trouble" can be stated most briefly in terms of our society as a whole. Organized labor has waged a long and often bitter struggle to improve its place in this society as to both rights and rewards. Maybe it has not made enough progress along these lines, or maybe it has made too much; but the point that it insists upon now is that *the relative position it won in time of peace must not be taken away from it to wage war.* Levy taxes, sell bonds, impose compulsory savings, make ceilings, stabilize wages, decrease the general standard of living—anything you want. But if you are going to do these things do them fairly and squarely; do them so that, relative to the farmer, relative to the shopkeeper, relative to the manager, relative to the Government-bonded rich, labor's status will not be impaired.

To the boys at the front this may seem like a trivial matter. Why shouldn't labor be willing to lose all its gains to win the war? The answer is that labor might accede to that if the war could be won thereby. But anybody knows that to set labor back wouldn't win the war. Labor is confronted with the daily spectacle of Congressmen and Senators push-

ing like pigs for their own special interests. It has seen the farm bloc gang up to defeat control of food prices—the most important control of all. It has heard the Administration promise time after time to "hold the line"; yet the line is not being held, the OPA is a shambles, and the Washington bureaucracy, where labor has been given no seats of power, might any day sell labor down the river. The fact is that the administration of Franklin Roosevelt is now placing upon the responsible leaders of the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. an almost intolerable burden. They must hold *their* line while the Administration's line folds.

Honesty and Courage

Of course the critics of labor will answer that, far from being sold down the river, labor has *gained* in relative position during the war. It has gained at the expense of every group except the farmers, who have gained even more. From Dec. 15, 1941 to March 15, 1943, the cost-of-living index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics has risen only 11.1%. Whereas during the same period the same agency figures that hourly earnings in manufacture (including overtime and bonuses) have risen 19.3%; and even straight-time earnings have risen 16%. So how can labor complain that it is losing its relative position?

The answer is—fear and uncertainty. The situation of labor today is not unlike that of the investor in the New Deal 1930's, who could never tell when Mr. Roosevelt was going to crack down again on business. That investor wouldn't invest because the risk was too high. Just so, today, labor is uneasy because it can't tell when the flimsy price controls set up by the Administration are going to give way. It is filled with fear and uncertainty because, if they do give way, labor's high wage rate might look like two cents.

It will, therefore, never be possible to stop strikes by calling them "inexcusable," or "shocking," or any other hot epithet. And even less will it be possible by epithets to shrink labor's real income—a job that must be performed upon every American in every walk of life if we are to fight this war without being plunged into inflation. Indeed, the Administration cannot have much hope of "holding the line" on the labor front unless and until it can inspire labor with a new confidence in its ability to "hold the line" on the price front.

This is the situation that faces James Byrnes as he steps into his new job of Director of War Mobilization. Mr. Byrnes's primary job must be to supply the honesty and the courage that the bureaucracy has thus far lacked. He will need the honesty to admit that the present price-control system is unworkable. And he will need the courage to face a new one that all Americans can trust.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

The top wedding of wartime England united on May 15 the eldest daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, Lady Sarah Consuelo ("Sally") Spen-

cer-Churchill, 21, and U. S. Navy Lieut. Edwm F. Russell (right), 28, publisher of the Newark, N. J. *Star-Ledger*. The bride's grandmother was a

Vanderbilt. Attempts to steal the show were made by Cousin Winston Churchill, 2 (left foreground), grandson of the Prime Minister, whom he resembles.

PLEASURE DRIVERS

OPA investigators catch them red-handed in new ban

Because of the new gasoline shortage, OPA investigators in twelve Eastern states renewed their efforts during the past fortnight to halt pleasure driving. Working with local and state police in two-man teams, they issued summonses by the thousand to nonessential drivers, ordering them to appear at OPA hearings to show why their gasoline ration books should not be suspended or revoked. On the first Sunday after May 20, date of the new pleasure-driving ban, motor traffic in New York City decreased as much as 90%, but the sprinkling of drivers still on the streets were even more closely questioned. With one OPA man went a LIFE photographer, to record in pictures the effect of the questionings.

OPA itself explained the crisis as the result of an unlucky combination of circumstances beyond its control. Military needs had suddenly trebled, draining stocks at Eastern seaports. Bad weather had delayed spring plowing enough to bring a demand for tractor fuel all at once. Spring floods in the Mississippi Valley had broken the "Big Inch," the new pipeline from Texas, and disrupted railroad tank-car shipments. Together these factors had brought the East's gasoline reserve, only insurance against a transportation catastrophe, to a new low: 25% of normal.



OPA investigator and New York motorcycle policeman operate together on New York's West Side Highway. Usual plan is for policeman to stop car while OPA man conducts inquiries.



David Werth said that he was driving to look for an apartment. In New York, where local transportation is adequate, this is not considered essential driving. A summons was issued.



Frightened De Leon Clark was caught red-handed. He and mother had been visiting in Manhattan, were leisurely driving back to Long Island. He received summons to hearing.



Professing ignorance, Charles Manolatos of Brooklyn said he was driving to visit his son, didn't know that this was classed as pleasure driving. OPA summons was also issued here.

If you eavesdrop on Bonnie...

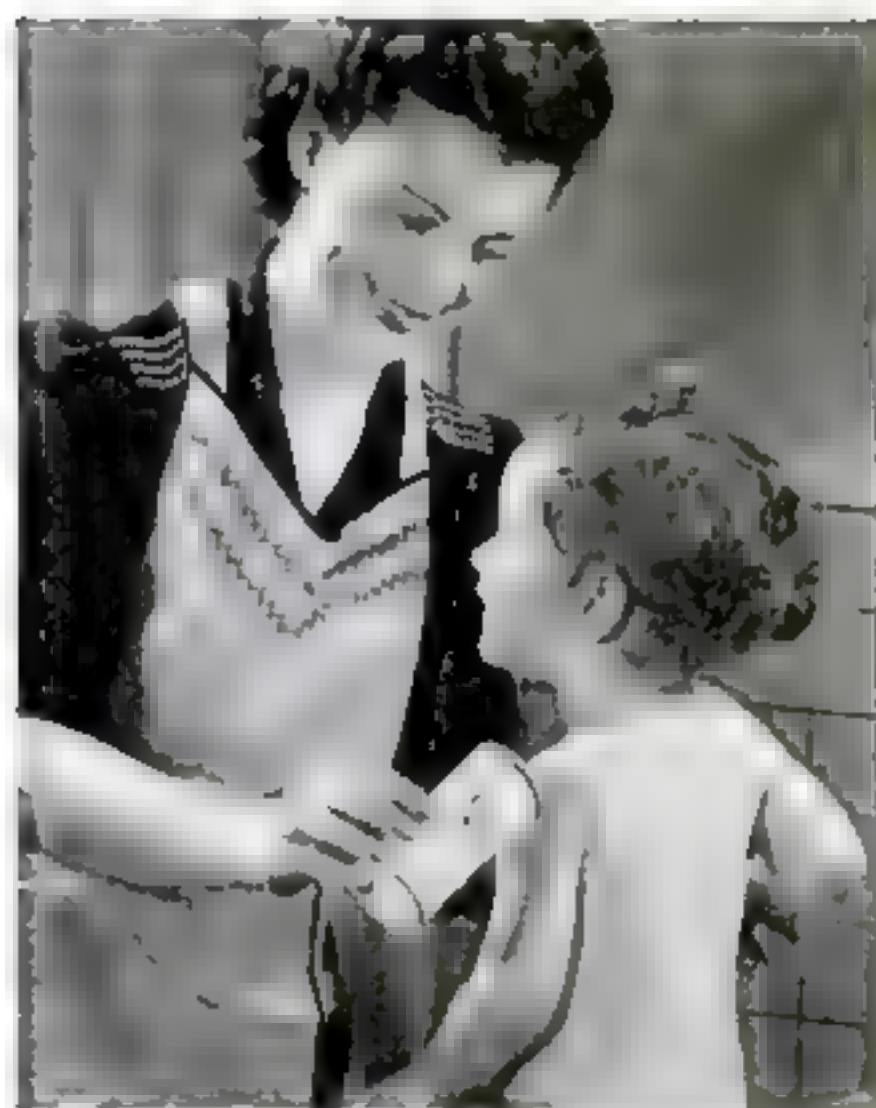


You might hear her tell her favorite doll:

"Know what I get, after my bath? A nice soft sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder! I just love the feel of that wonderful, cool, white stuff sliding down my back.

"And if I cloud up about something that might be prickles, mother's there with the Johnson's! Almost makes a girl want to fake a prickle or two—'cause Johnson's feels just the way a lullaby sounds. You want some? Well, if you're a good girl . . ."

... If you listen to Bonnie's mother, a trained nurse ...



She's Mrs. Melvin A. Sproule of Chicago, Ill., as blue-eyed as Bonnie herself. Mrs. Sproule has this to say:

"Johnson's Baby Powder has been standard equipment on Bonnie's nursery tray since I brought her home.

"It's so soft—so pure—just right for baby skin.

"Being a nurse, I always cast a very searching eye on things for Bonnie. Well, the Johnson & Johnson name sold me Johnson's Baby Powder at first sight.

"All her life, Bonnie's been wonderfully free from prickles and chafing. I'm sure her fine all-over complexion owes a lot to Johnson's rubdowns."

...you'll know why nurses powder their babies with **Johnson's Baby Powder**

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.



Pleasure Drivers (continued)



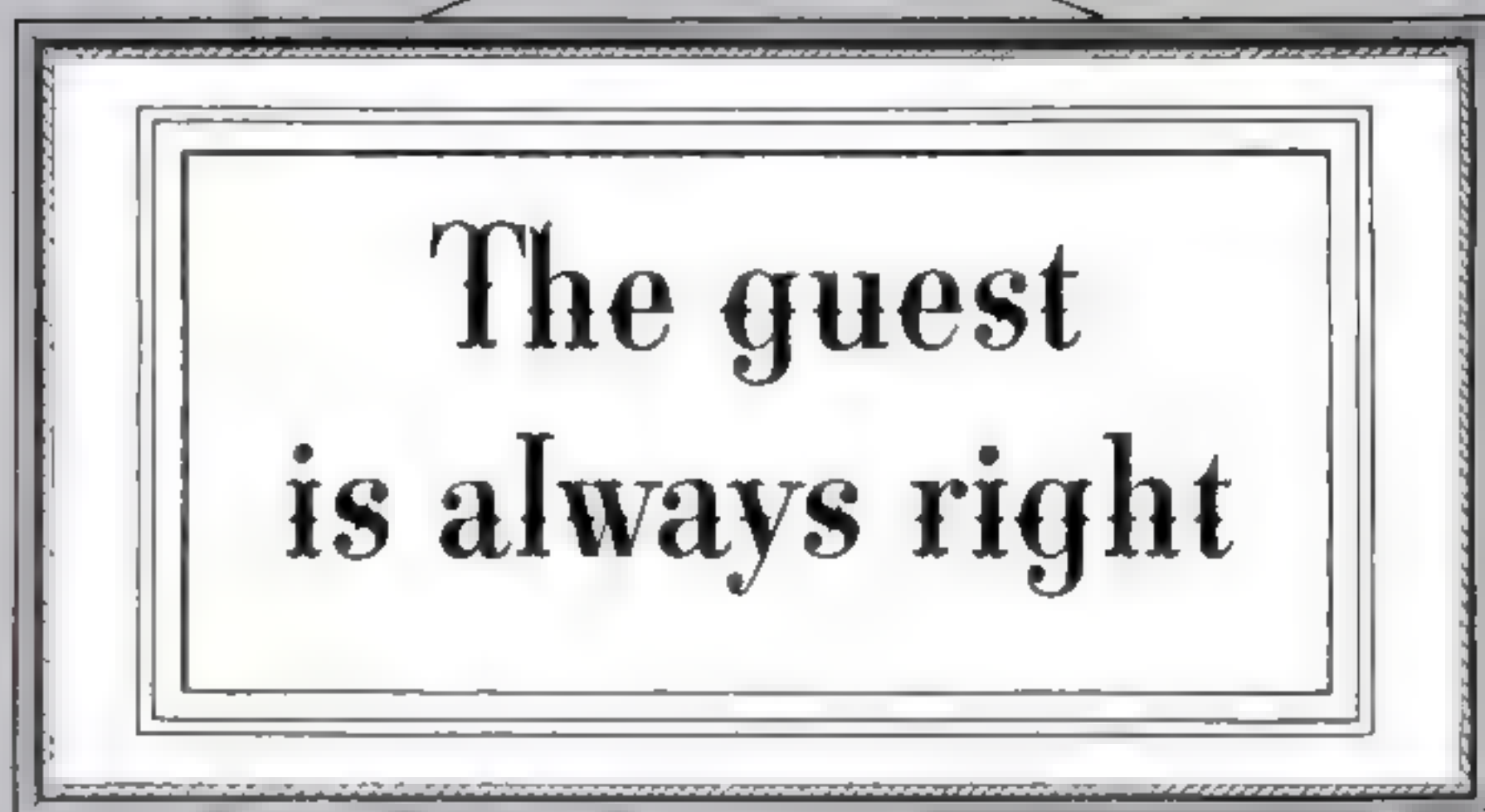
Nervous Albert George of Brooklyn also said he was apartment hunting. In addition his ration book did not match car or windshield sticker. Summons was issued.



Ben B. Isaac, an admitted pleasure driver, said he was sorry, would gladly take the car back to his garage. But it was too late, and OPA man again issued summons.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

What becomes of



in WARTIME?

There's a sign hanging at every Statler Hotel.

It's a sign that was put up when the first Statler opened its doors. It's a sign that will stay up there as long as there is a Statler Hotel in existence.

That sign reads, "The guest is always right."

And that applies in wartime as well as peacetime.

No matter what difficulties the war may bring us, our first consideration is for the comfort and well-being of you—our guest.

You may be a serviceman, or a civilian on a war mission, or an essential wartime traveler.

But no matter what job you are doing, that

Statler sign is your guarantee that we shall give you the best possible service we know how to give.

In this spirit, may we ask your co-operation in helping us solve two wartime problems to your best interests and ours?

1. *In the matter of reservations.* Reserve your Statler rooms as far in advance as possible. Cancel any unwanted rooms promptly. Let us know as far ahead as you can, when you intend to check out.
2. *In the matter of service.* If service occasionally seems a trifle slow, please bear

with us. Many of our regular staff have gone into the armed services and our new people may not be fully familiar with the Statler routine.

We're sure you'll co-operate with us cheerfully. And you can be sure we'll do our level best to prove to you that at any Statler, any time, "The guest is always right."

**YOUR DOLLARS ARE URGENTLY
NEEDED FOR U. S. WAR BONDS**

STATLER HOTELS

Nothing old-fashioned but the hospitality

STATLER OPERATED
HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA . . . \$3.85
NEW YORK

HOTEL WILLIAM PENN . . . \$3.85
PITTSBURGH

HOTELS STATLER IN
BOSTON \$3.85 BUFFALO \$3.30
CLEVELAND \$3.00
DETROIT \$3.00 ST. LOUIS \$2.75
WASHINGTON, D. C. \$4.50

Rates Begin At Prices Shown



Sunbeam

AUTOMATIC

TOASTER

is making delicious, easy-to-digest toast for wartime meals



Crispy-tender Sunbeam toast with tomatoes and lettuce for those body-building vitamins A and C. Perfect toast—every time.



For kiddies, and the grown-ups, too, easy-to-digest toast puts extra appetite appeal into many a wartime snack and meal.

If you own a Sunbeam Toaster with the exclusive two-way operation for either "pop up" or "keep warm" action at the flip of a button, take extra good care of it. Sunbeam isn't building any more 'til after Victory. Shot and shell and the instruments of war have replaced all Sunbeam appliance production at the factory.

If you didn't get your Sunbeam Toaster before it went to war, buy a War Bond today and earmark it for your Sunbeam later. It's the one that makes such perfect toast every time whether set to "pop up" or to keep the toast warm in the toaster-oven 'til wanted. Has the hinged crumb-tray that snaps down for easy cleaning and many other EXTRA advantages. And a masterpiece of lovely, lasting beauty, too.



CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO., Dept. 53, 5600 W. Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Illinois. Canada Factory: 321 Weston Rd. South, Toronto. Over half a century making quality products. Famous for Sunbeam Mixmaster, Shavemaster, Coffeemaster, Icemaster, etc.

Pleasure Drivers (continued)



When chauffeur-driven car was stopped in Central Park, man in rear refused to give his name. He said he had borrowed car from a friend, was taking ride for his health.



On legitimate errand, this car was driven by a man classed as a commercial farmer. He was carrying load of eggs in trunk to sell in Westchester. No summons was issued.



Curious excuse was given by Michael Cohen. He told investigator he had a few gallons of gasoline left and was trying to use them up before storing car for the duration.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Tobacco Talk." Painted from life in the tobacco country by James Chapin



FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

... YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw

OUT-OUT! HERE COME



Artistic color photo by Nicholas Murphy

Give **EVERSTREET**!

THE \$64 QUESTIONS!

And here's the answer
you know will win!



(Illustrated above)

YOU HAVE the winning answer when your gift's an Eversharp because it's the set everybody wants and—there's a size, style, and color for everyone... from solid gold to modern plastics.

Sets for the Army, Navy, Marines—sets for the Waacs and Waves—sets for graduation, weddings, anniversaries—men's sizes, ladies' sizes, giant executive sizes—all in your favorite color combinations.

All Eversharps are beautifully streamlined—famed for smooth-writing. Deep-pocket over-the-top clips meet military regulations. Magic Feed prevents ink leaking—high in a plane—so, at ground level too. Click the Magic Button of the Eversharp Repeater Pencil with your thumb—and it feeds new points like a machine gun.

See these Eversharp sets—now—at your dealer's. Priced from \$125 to \$8.75. Pens from \$75 to \$5. Repeater Pencils, \$50 to \$2.

EVERSHARP *Presentation Set*

Caps are 14-karat gold over Sterling Silver. Plastic barrels in Dubonnet Red, Army Brown, Navy Blue, Marine Green, Jet Black. Deep-pocket military clips. SET \$14.75. PEN \$9.75. REPEATER PENCIL \$5.



Service on ALL Eversharp Pens and Repeater Pencils identified by the double check mark on the clip is Guaranteed—not for Years—not for Life—but

**GUARANTEED
FOREVER**

subject only to 35c charge for postage, insurance and handling provided parts, despite condition, are returned.

TUNE IN EVERSHARP'S "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT"—WITH PHIL BAKER
CBS—SUNDAY NIGHTS

and you give the Finest!

© by Eversharp, Inc.—Chicago

Masterpieces from the Wembley Collection

(Choose these for Father's Day....they're Dad's favorites *every* day)



Two tones of brown and a cool, cool green to blend with Dad's summer suits of tan.



These make a gray suit a gay suit! (The Nor-East Non-Crush fabric is a work of art, too!)



Rich colors of an Old Master—and how smartly they'll brighten Dad's suit of blue!



Wembley Ties always pass inspection, have won our service men's deep affection!



Wembley Ties

MADE OF PRIESTLEY'S NOR-EAST NON-CRUSH FABRIC

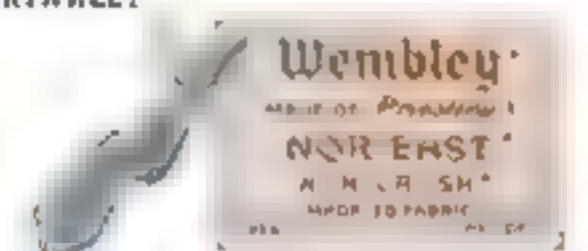
Priced One Dollar

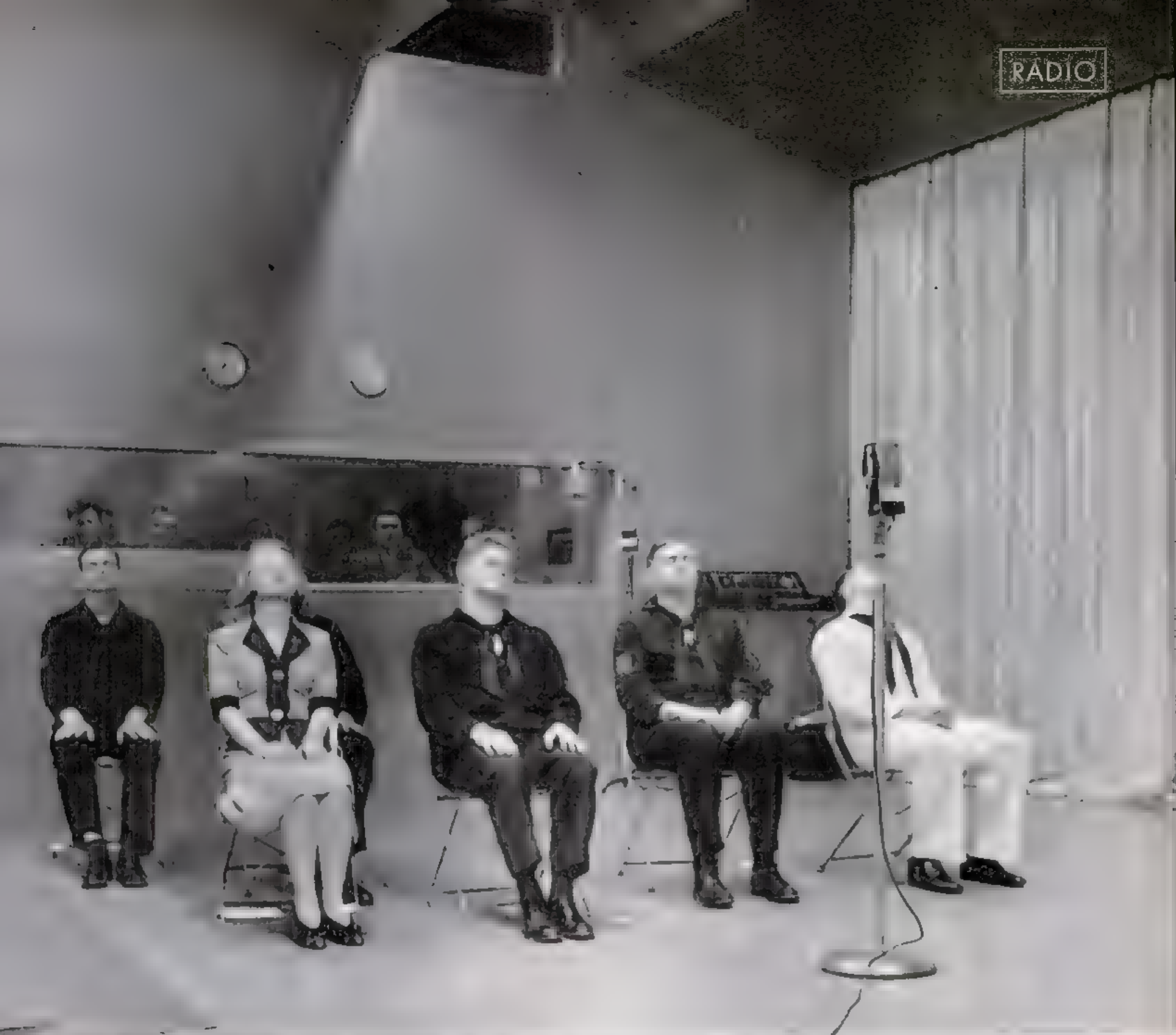
COPYRIGHT 1943, WEMBLEY, INC., NEW ORLEANS, LA

Wembley Ties tell Dad of your love—and your thoughtfulness in choosing his own true favorites. Their imported Nor-East *Non-Crush* fabric is resilient. It resists wrinkles, ties easily and drapes smartly time after time.

P.S. Buy a War Bond from your retailer for Father's Day, too!

CRUSH IT! TWIST IT! KNOT IT! NOT A WRINKLE!





STANDING BEHIND WINDOW OF RADIO CONTROL BOOTH, SLATER TALKS INTO STUDIO OVER A LOUDSPEAKER AND PUTS FOUR SEAMEN AND A GIRL INTO A HYPNOTIC TRANCE



Under Slater's sway, a hypnotized seaman goes through motions of typing an imaginary letter. Other subjects sit or stand around in a trance, waiting to be told to do something.

MICROPHONE HYPNOSIS

High-speed Svengali wants to dehypnotize Germany

Many people find that almost any radio program has a hypnotic effect on them. Inducing a deep slumberous trance. A couple of weeks ago the Blue Network took a step toward carrying this involuntary hypnosis a little farther by helping Dr. Ralph Slater show that he could intentionally hypnotize people over the radio. Dr. Slater's main purpose was to demonstrate his unique method of winning the war.

Ralph Slater is a high-speed hypnotist who says that the Germans have been hypnotized into fighting this war by Hitler's big i-pitched voice and microphone technique. As proof, he has photographs which show Germans sitting around in a trance. Slater insists that he can dehypnotize them by short-wave radio.

To demonstrate, Slater sat some subjects in a New York City studio, went into the control room where they could not see him and, by talking through a microphone, put them into a trance. Then he came out and made them do the silly things all hypnotists make their subjects do. Although the performance was not broadcast, Slater said it showed that he could hypnotize people by radio. It did not show anything else. Slater thinks Hitler hypnotized Lindbergh when he pinned the medal on the flier in 1938. But Göring pinned the medal on, not Hitler. Still Slater wants to broadcast to Germany, would also like to put on domestic show.

SMOKING LESS_or SMOKING *MORE*?

*GOV'T. FIGURES SHOW ALL-TIME PEAK IN SMOKING!



You're SAFER smoking
PHILIP MORRIS!

Scientifically proved less irritating
for the nose and throat

Here it is—fast.

Reported by eminent doctors—in medical journals.
Their own findings that:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case
of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—
either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

Actual men and women smokers, mind you—not
laboratory "analysis". *Proof* that PHILIP MORRIS are
far less irritating to your nose and throat.

NOTE we do not claim curative power for PHILIP
MORRIS. But, man! What solid proof they're better
... safer ... to smoke!

And that's in addition to their finer quality—the
finer flavor and aroma of superb tobaccos. Try them!

And do they taste GOOD!

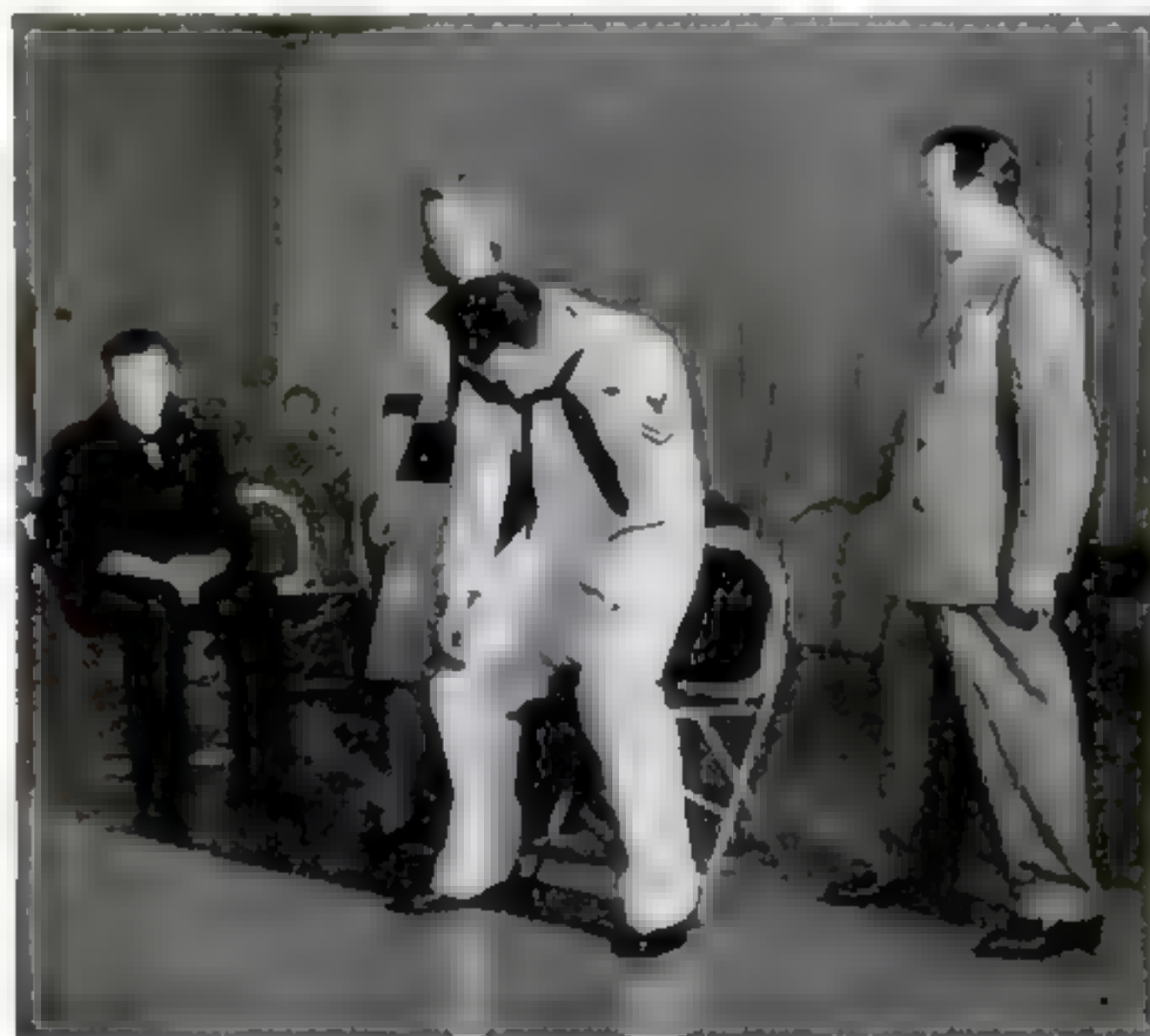
CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

Microphone Hypnosis (continued)



Subjects try to unclasp their hands, but in vain, for Slater has told them that they cannot pull hands apart. No M.D., Slater does work as a consulting psychologist.



A sailor sits down very slowly and carefully at Slater's instructions. Slater's specialty is fast work. He puts almost any subject into a hypnotic state within 15 seconds.



Jumping up and down on a hypnotized subject proved that the subject didn't feel anything. What it proved about dehypnotizing Germans was not made very clear.

To everyone who has a Boy— or knows one!



But there is another reason for buying War Bonds, one which you seldom hear.

War Bonds will buy not only weapons to kill the enemy but also weapons to save our own boys' lives.

If your boy, or any boy, is injured in battle, he's going to get the best surgical care in the world; X-rays, sterile operating rooms, a staff of skilled surgeons, everything he'd get in the finest hospitals at home.

Now, this type of modern, mobile medical equipment costs a mint of money. And it's needed in huge quantities.

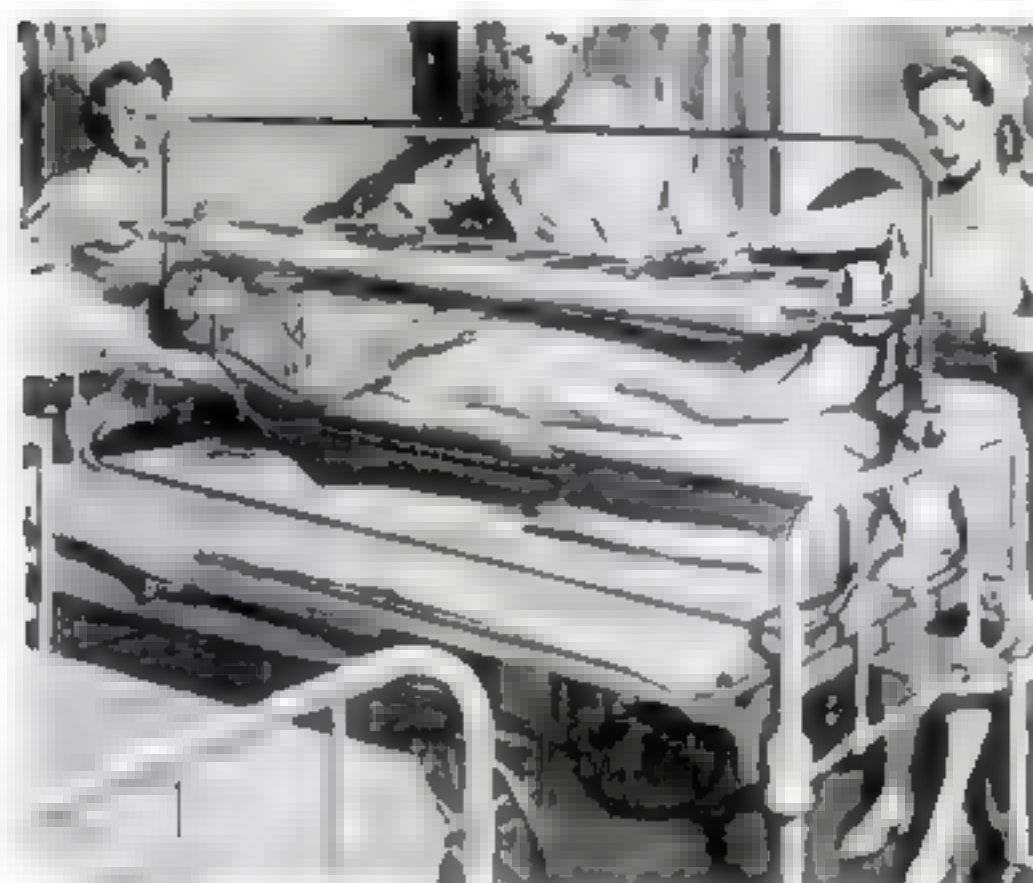
Such equipment will help the doctors and nurses give today's fighter a better chance of survival in this war than any fighter has ever had in any other war. And you can help Uncle Sam give your boy this chance by buying War Bonds.

So say to yourself, "Maybe I should dig even deeper into my pocket . . . maybe I should give even more than the 10 percent of my earnings I'm already giving."

That boy of yours, or the boy you know, is willingly taking a chance to save the things we all believe in. Why not help that chance along?

THE WHOLE COUNTRY is being asked to buy War Bonds and help give our fighting men the planes, guns, bullets, and tanks they must have.

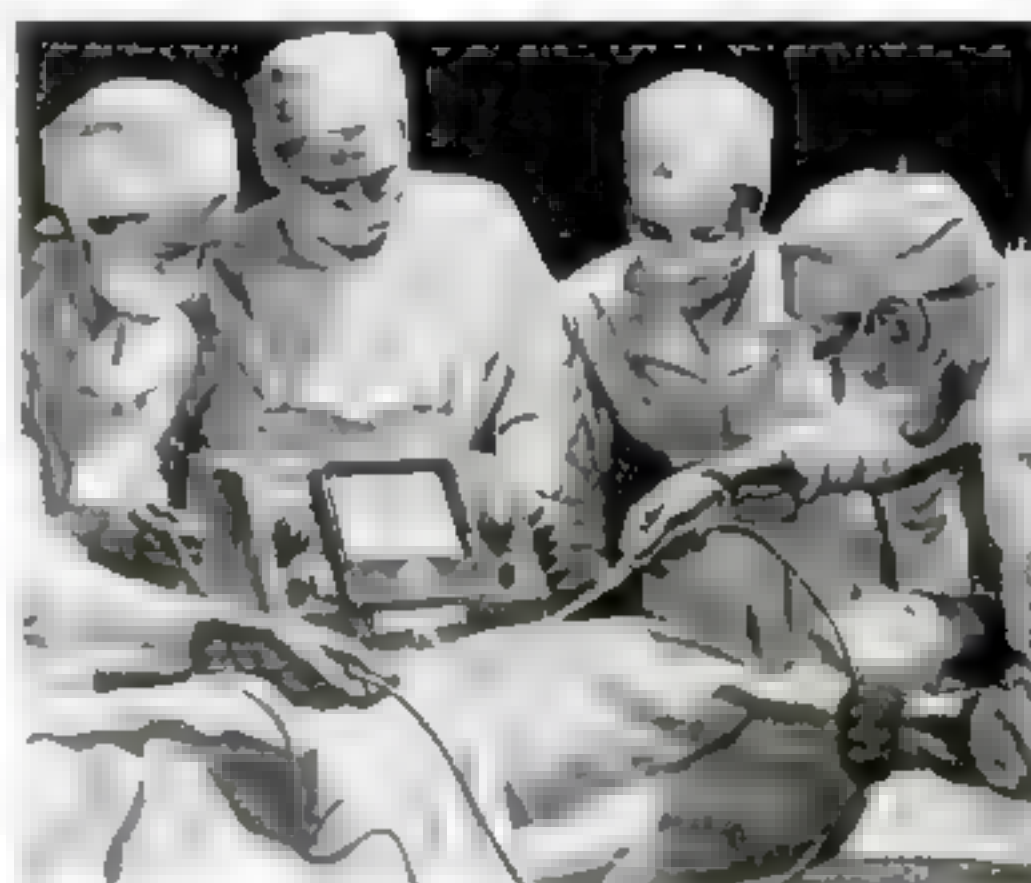
You respond, because you know these things are needed in great numbers.



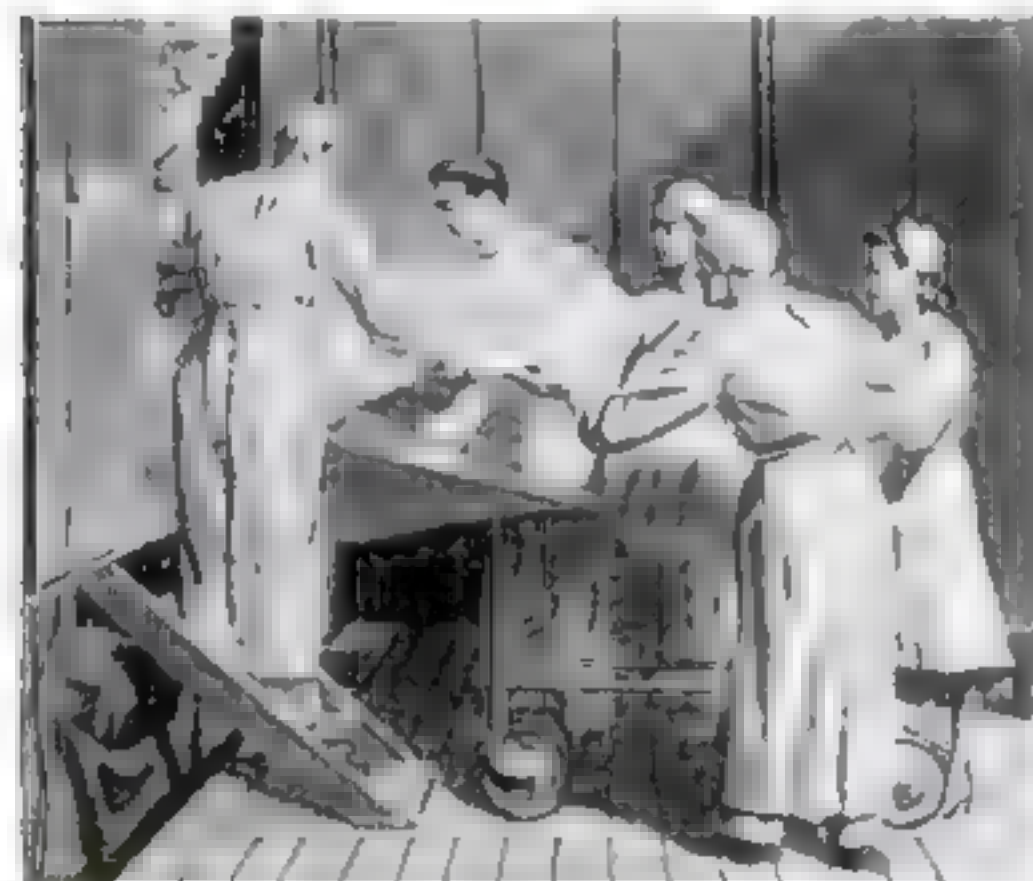
TRAINING AND MAINTAINING Navy nurses and pharmacist's mates takes hundreds of thousands of dollars. Approximately \$66.00 per month is needed to house and feed each nurse. 42 civilians each investing \$18.75 in a \$25 War Bond will support one nurse for one year.



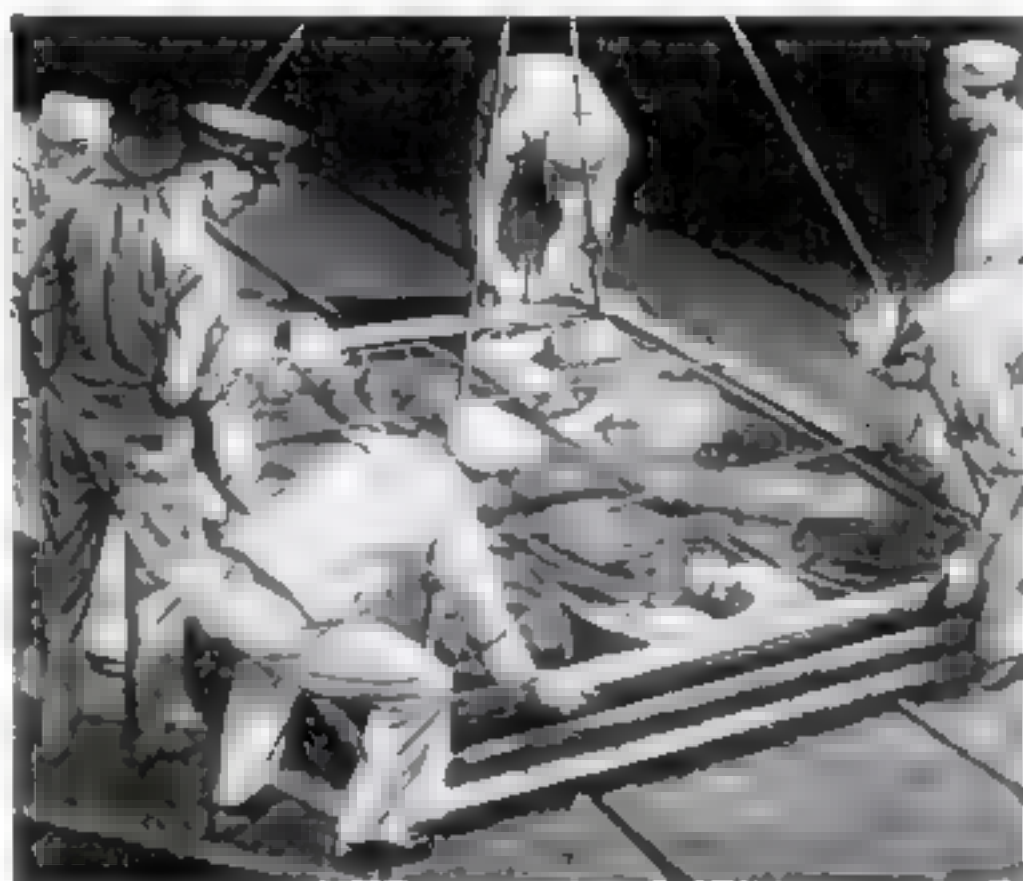
THIS ARMY REFRIGERATED TEST CHAMBER is part of the equipment the Army must have to help our flyers fly higher than the enemy. 645 civilians, each buying one \$25 War Bond, could pay for the installation and accessories of this life-saving equipment.



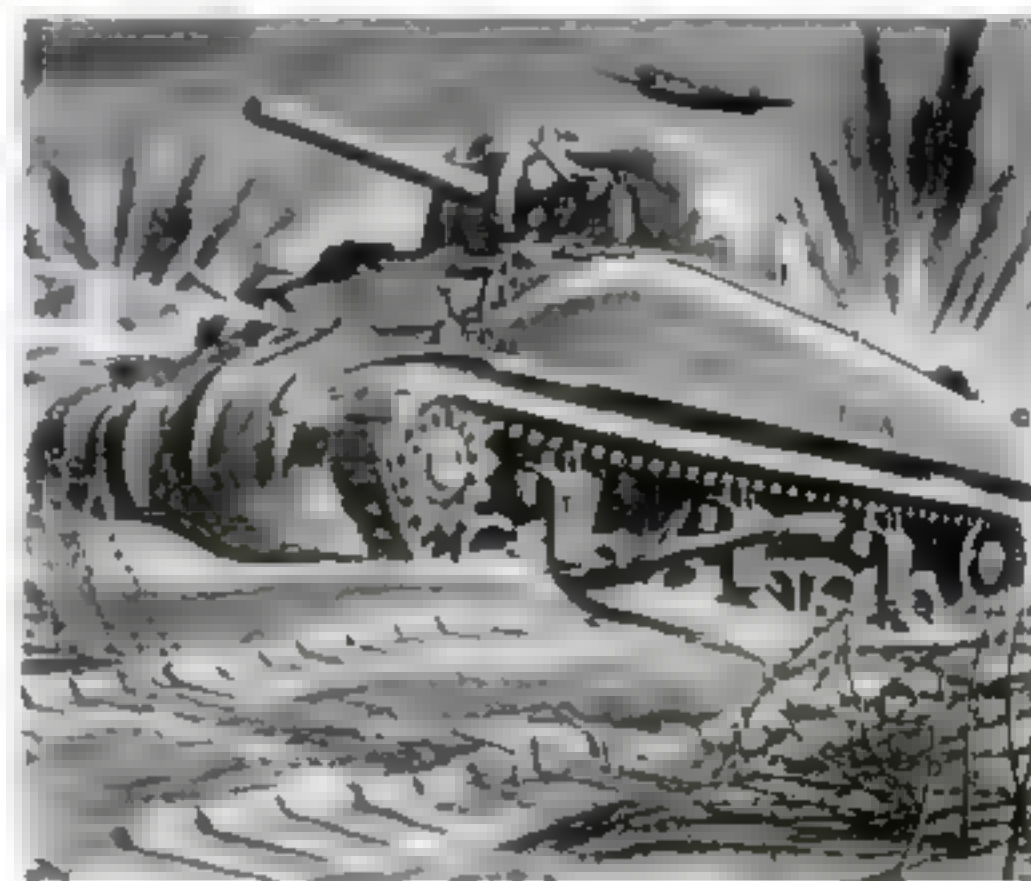
THE WAND-LIKE ROD in the surgeon's hand is a metal locator. It first proved its worth at Pearl Harbor in finding hidden shell fragments. Buying 1856 \$25 War Bonds will pay for 100 metal locators to save injured sailors' lives.



THESE MOBILE HOSPITALS bring medical and surgical care right up behind the lines. They save precious time and lives. Will you join just *one other civilian* and help Uncle Sam maintain just *one* mobile unit for *one* day by buying *one* \$25 War Bond apiece?



THIS STOKES STRETCHER is a life-saving device for transporting severely injured men. The Navy uses hundreds of these stretchers. One person, buying just *two* \$25 War Bonds and \$14 worth of War Stamps, provides the Navy with one Stokes stretcher. Are you that person?



TANK COMBAT IS TOUGH on men inside the tanks. Army doctors are now investigating how to help our men stand up under tank combat conditions. A \$300,000 laboratory at Fort Knox is helping them find out. 16,000 people each buying one \$25 War Bond will pay for this laboratory.

You've done your bit—now do your best!

Boost your bond buying through the payroll savings plan



This advertisement in behalf of the Treasury's War Bond Campaign is contributed by

PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Pharmaceuticals • Biologicals • Surgical Dressings



HAILE SELASSIE'S HOUSEKEEPER

She is Seventh-Day Adventist from Minnesota

Housekeeper, lady in waiting and adviser on American affairs to the Negus Haile Selassie of Ethiopia and his Empress (Negusta) turns out to be a pink-checked, gray-haired American woman from Hutchinson, Minn. by the name of Mrs. Della Hanson. When LIFE Photographer Hart Preston recently reached Addis Ababa, the capital the Italians had thoughtfully rebuilt before the British reconquered it, he found Mrs. Hanson virtually the third most important person in Ethiopia.

Herbert Hanson and his wife, Della, arrived in Addis Ababa ten years ago as missionaries for the Seventh-Day Adventist Church. They stuck it out through the Italian invasion, nursing the Ethiopian wounded. After a 1939 furlough, they were back in Addis Ababa when the British arrived. Mrs. Hanson produced the only U. S. flag in Addis Ababa for the British march-in. Haile Selassie promptly began looking for a housekeeper. The wife of the capital's native mayor suggested Mrs. Hanson. Mrs. Hanson not only accepted the job but also took over the Ethiopian royal family in toto. She has introduced strawberry shortcake, angel-food cake, potato salad, cold cuts to the Ethiopian diet. She buys the Empress' clothes, superintends the five palace cooks, writes the menus and runs the palace staff of 50. She is shown on opposite page in her morning conference with their Majesties. Cheerful, honest and foursquare in her flat-heeled shoes, she looks like an American housewife working out the day's marketing problems.



Mrs. Hanson and the Negus' son follow the Negus and Negusta out of palace. Mrs. Hanson gives her palace job only half of her day. Notice Star of David on portico.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

SO WE'RE Spoiled-*EH?*



Well, don't let these hily-white hands and manicured nails fool you. It's true we've had many conveniences to help make life easy for us, but now that the supply of household appliances is limited, we'll struggle along with what we already have, or do without.

If necessary, we'll bend our backs over washboards . . . we'll tire our arms ironing shirts and shorts, and if we can't get Hoover Cleaners we'll work our fingers to the bone brooming those rugs, mopping those floors, dusting those baseboards because, in this way, we too will be contributing to the war effort.

When the whistles, bells and sirens announce that day of Victory we'll all have "helps" like Hoover Cleaners again and we'll enjoy and appreciate them more than ever because we will have earned them the hard, honest American way.

* * *

P.S.—In the interest of conservation, and to be assured of genuine Hoover service and parts, we suggest that Hoover owners register their cleaners with the Hoover Factory Branch Service Station (consult your classified telephone directory) or authorized dealer. If you cannot locate either, write: THE HOOVER COMPANY, North Canton, Ohio.



Remember, do not discard any worn or broken parts. They must be turned in to secure replacements.

THE HOOVER

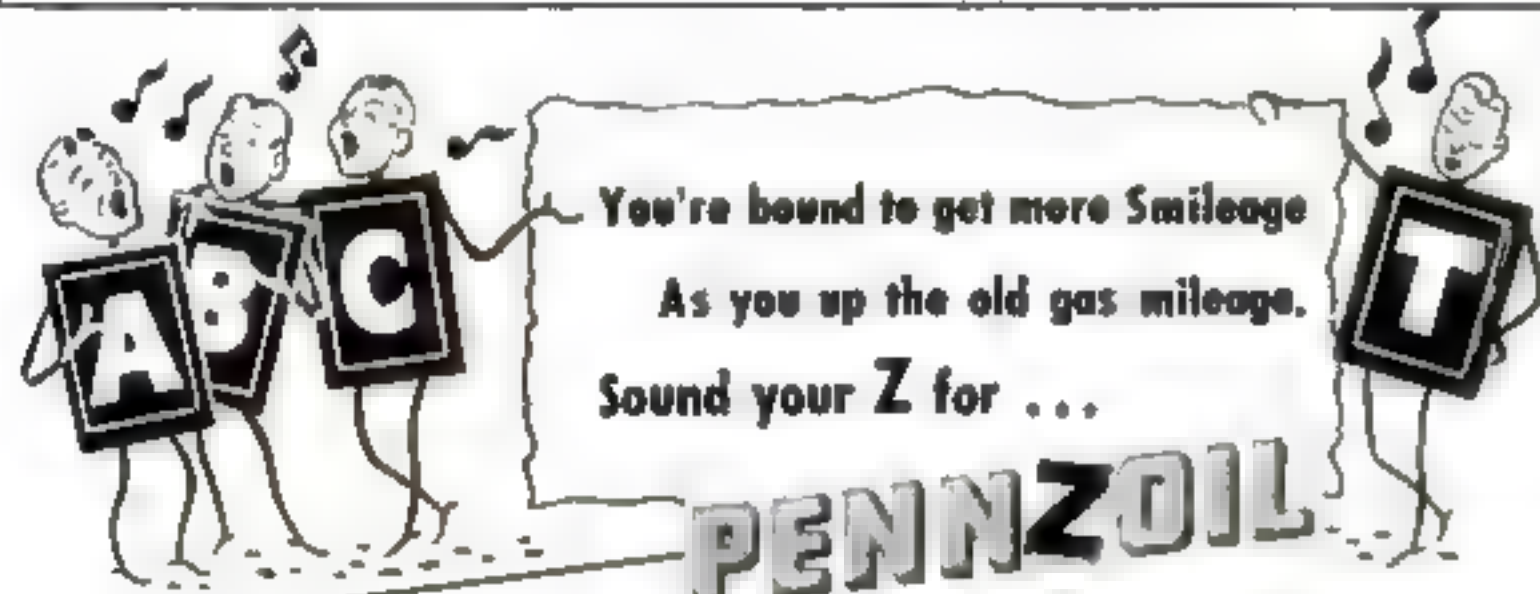
IT BEATS . . . AS IT SWEEPS . . . AS IT CLEANS

"GET MORE SMILEAGE"

SAYS RUBE GOLDBERG



SUN (A) MELTS ICE (B) — AS ICE LOSES WEIGHT, SHOE (C) DROPS ON ACCORDION (D) — MUSIC CAUSES MIDGET BALLET DANCER (E) TO WHIRL AND WIND UP STRING (F) WHICH RAISES COVERS FROM WOODEN HORSES (G) AND (H) — OLD RACE HORSE (I), SEEING OTHER HORSES, THINKS HE IS IN A RACE AND STARTS RUNNING, PULLING CAR WITH HIM — IF THERE'S NO SUN, YOU'LL HAVE TO RIDE HORSEBACK.



BET YOU DIDN'T EVEN SUSPECT THIS!

Your oil filter should be getting attention more regularly than ever, now that you're driving less. Many impurities ordinarily driven out of engines, now are accumulating in the oil filters, requiring renewal of the units.

Vital hidden parts of your car need special care today. Learn what they are, what they need. Write for free copy of our 16-page, illustrated book, "How to Keep Your Car Alive." Address Dept. AL, The PennZoil Co., Oil City, Pennsylvania.

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY!

How CAN A Motor Oil Save Gas?

Easy. By keeping your engine clean!

Sticking valves result in uneven firing and send unburned fuel out the exhaust. Clogged piston rings fail to seal in power. Gummy deposits on moving parts put a gas-wasting drag on your engine. These troubles are caused by sludge, engine-varnish and carbon.

PennZoil is refined especially to resist these formations. You'll find your PennZoil-lubricated engine is easier on gas, will last longer and need fewer repairs.



*Registered trade mark

Martin Penn Zoil Co. Oil City, Pa.

PENNZOIL*GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

Haile Selassie's Housekeeper (continued)



The palace staff, fussed out in velvet and aiguillettes, is inspected by Mrs. Hanson on the front steps of palace. The iron maiden with lamp resembles an American Indian.



The cooks submit a masterly pepper sauce to Mrs. Hanson for Negus' dinner. The bill of fare is mostly Ethiopian. Mrs. Hanson can talk the native Amharic tongue.



The Emperor's plate, an imposing collection in charge of Mered, is looked over by Mrs. Hanson. Some is gold. Italians got away with an inland silver set of Lunoges.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

MIRACLES OF SWIFT REPAIR...

aided by Kodak's Recordak System

OUR NAVY "came back" after Pearl Harbor to fight the bitterest series of engagements in Naval history. Ships critically wounded have had to fight again—and again. The Nation's life has depended on miracles of repair...

A set of blueprints for a destroyer covers a quarter of an acre, and may be filed in Washington—yet quick reference to these plans and specifications on the spot is essential to a workmanlike repair job.

After the hell of Pearl Harbor, the Navy isn't waiting for tons of blueprints to be shipped. Little rolls of 35-mm. microfilm can cut priceless weeks from the time required to send a battered ship back into action.

Through Kodak's *Micro-File Recordak System*, the photographic method behind V...-Mail, the Navy condenses, on microfilm, the bulky original plans. These can be flown halfway around the world within hours... or are already on hand at distant repair bases... may even be on a "mother ship," for repairs at sea.

This is only one of many instances where Recordak is increasing the effectiveness of America's war effort.

"Ration banking," war maps

Recordak was originated to duplicate, on microfilm, every check cleared through a bank—safeguarding depositors and simplifying banking. It was revolutionary, but no one could have foreseen its manifold destiny.

Your ration coupons have become as essential as money. They are turned in by your dealer to his bank. The larger banks—90% of them—have Recordak machines, which photograph the record of their ration transactions with dealers and wholesalers.



Above—FANTASTIC PATTERNS of flame and smoke at the moment the magazine exploded on the bombed destroyer Shaw at Pearl Harbor. The end of the Shaw?

Right—THIS IS THE SAME SHAW. She was floated... repaired in San Francisco... showing what repair can do!



Official U. S. Navy Photographs

Our fighting forces, in new offensives, carry Recordak duplicates of available maps and photographs of the region.

In *Selective Service*, Recordak made error-proof copies of each of the 9,000 numbers—critical in the lives of 17,000,000 young Americans—as they were drawn.

In our war industries, engineering drawings and shop orders that could occupy acres are reduced by Recordak to "capsule" size.

Your *Social Security records* and your War Bond purchases are microfilmed by Recordak.

The *U. S. Census*—going back to 1790—is now in this condensed, time-proof form. The accessibility of these records has enabled the Government to issue "Certificates of Citizenship" to thousands without birth certificates—put them into war-production jobs.

Forestalling the "Blitz"

In those fateful days of 1939, when the war clouds were bursting over Europe, Recordak machines were at work day and night, duplicating the priceless manuscripts and volumes of the British Museum, and the records of the great British banking houses and insurance companies. These miniature duplicates were stowed away beyond the reach of bomb and fire—they're not among the missing

In its greatest crisis, civilization has found a way to condense and perpetuate its culture—its "heart" as well as its "hard business head." You realize this as you read the V...-Mail letter of your boy—his own writing, flown to you on a thumbnail bit of film halfway around the world... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

YOUR FOOD RATIONING PROBLEMS? Think of the bookkeeping job that your dealer, his bank, wholesalers, and the Government must do to keep their records straight! At the bank Recordak does much of this work—tirelessly, without a chance of error.

Serving human progress
through Photography

BE EVEN LOVELIER TO LOOK AT!

Like a thick, heavy cream, Dr. West's Vray, the modern dental cream, pours from the bottle. Gives your smile sparkling new loveliness. Truly remarkable is Vray's ability to lift surface stains from the teeth . . . even tobacco stains, which are difficult to remove. And thank your lucky stars it's packed in glass . . . you don't need to turn in a used tube.



SAVES YOU MONEY

One bottle of Vray (6 full oz., 231 brushings!) fills a tooth paste tube **OVER TWICE** as big as the average 39¢ to 50¢ dentifrice tube.

Average size tube used by 8 most popular dentifrices selling at 39¢ to 50¢ (6.4 inches long)



It takes this giant tube (13 inches long) to hold the contents of one bottle of Vray.



39¢



DR. WEST'S
(BRAND)
VRAY

The Modern Dental Cream

Haile Selassie's Housekeeper (continued)



Shopping means a trip downtown with a basket boy. There is plenty of fresh meat, vegetables, milk (cooked), few imported delicacies. Italians improved Addis Ababa.



Blue satin, the Negusta's favorite material and color, is bought from a slippery storekeeper. It is hard to cheat Mrs. Hanson. The material will be made up in the palace.



Rev. Herbert Hanson now has hospital and boys' mission school on the outskirts of Addis Ababa. Mrs. Hanson also keeps house for her husband and works in the school.

The little man who came to dinner

*'Now he's off the bottle—
it's Carnation in a cup!'*

So big! Promoted to a high chair... honored with a cup. No wonder the family's gathered round—a-twitter with excitement!

And in that cup, just as in his bottle drinking days, it's still pure, wholesome Irradiated Carnation Milk.

Doctors and mothers rely on Carnation because it's wonderfully safe and nourishing. They know none of the precious milk solids are lost, when part of the natural water is evaporated from the fine whole milk.

Besides, Carnation's special advantages make it wise *never* to break this fine habit. Extra "sunshine" vitamin D, to help build strong bones and teeth. Sterilization, for safety, and to soften the curd for easier digestion. Homogenization, to distribute the butterfat evenly throughout the milk.

Little tykes grow up frighteningly fast—discard baby habits... outgrow many protections you surrounded them with.

But, happily, they can always drink good Carnation, chilled and mixed half and half with cold water. They can always "eat" it too—in a wonderful variety of milk-rich dishes. Is *your* house one that takes full advantage of Carnation?

IRRADIATED
Carnation Milk
"FROM CONTENTED COWS"



PEARL AND RUBY PUDDING

1 egg, separated	Pinch salt
1 cup Carnation Milk	1 cup water
3 tbsp. quick-cooking tapioca	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. vanilla
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar or honey	

Mix egg yolk with small amount of milk in saucepan. Add tapioca, sugar or honey, salt, remaining milk and water. Bring mixture quickly to a full boil over direct heat, stirring constantly. Remove from fire. (Mixture will be thin. Do not overcook.) Beat egg white until just stiff enough to hold shape. Gradually fold in hot tapioca mixture. When slightly cool, stir in vanilla. Chill. Decorate with red jelly. Serves 6.

FREE! BIG 48-PAGE BOOKLET

Milk-rich recipes—wonderful for easy, whole-family Victory Meals! With menus and milk drinks for all ages. Send for "Growing Up With Milk"—a big, illustrated book every mother will find helpful. Address Carnation Company, Dept. 122, Milwaukee, Wis., or Toronto, Ont.

TUNE IN THE CARNATION "CONTENTED COW" MONDAY EVENINGS, NBC NETWORK



Home



of the Brave

one of uncount-
much alike.

with a bit of
e summer, and
eady welcome
it.

rang with the
a healthy boy can
home pleasant with fragrant
mells and comfortable with
hollows of familiar and
urniture.

where hope has been born,
g has been met, where
been laid and achieve-
little, have been cele-
noise, a
the worn sh
friendly fi
make, a
kitchen sh
It's

over it a shadow falls.

me has come when the brave flag
with the star of blue on it must come
down, so that one with a star of gold
may take its place.

This is war, and war is striking home.

Striking at the simple, the peace-loving

homes where live those who must now
be the bravest of the brave.

What can you say to those whose
hearts bear the aching burden of this
conflict?

That their sons have died in a noble cause?

That the nation mourns with them in
their bereavement?

That these men shall be avenged, that
we shall see to it that they
shall not have died in vain?

No, you can't say these
things and have them
really mean anything.

You can't say anything—
you can only do.

You can only bend a bit
more grimly to whatever
task is yours in these stern times.

You can only try, a little harder than you
thought you could, to make sure that no
boy, yours or any other's, falls because
of anything you do or leave undone.

You can only pull tight your belt, and buy
to the limit of your ability the War Bonds
it takes to equip our fighting men.

You can only fall in line with friend
and neighbor and, through scrap drives
and conservation campaigns, play your
part as fully as you can, as every good
soldier on the home front should.

You can only remember that every
helpful act, no matter how small, not
only hastens Victory but does its
share to bring more boys
back before their blue stars
turn to gold.

Here at Goodyear we have
a service flag of our own.

Already it is beginning
show a tinge of gold.

Because it is, everyth
we build—every airt
every plane, every life raft, e
barrage balloon, tire, wheel, brake
puncture-sealing fuel tank
—is built with something and
just the thought of building
can as fast as we can.

It is built also with idea of doing
the best we can—over gold stars
shall hang in the homes of the
brave.

AMERICA MUST BE
FIRST IN THE AIR

Unless and until America
is the most powerful nation
in the air, our safety, our
freedom, and our standard
of living will not again
be what they have been in
the past.

Whitefield





What Your Doctor Orders.

Filling a prescription is next in importance to writing it. For that reason there exists between pharmacist and doctor a close professional relationship.

And just as it takes something to be a doctor, so does it take something to be a pharmacist. It takes years of study to learn the properties and uses of drugs and medicines, and the scrupulously exact methods of compounding them. It takes a lifetime of study to keep abreast of the developments that are continually being made in the pharmaceutical field.

Because the pharmacist's services, like the doctor's, are vital to the health of the community, he is licensed by the State only after a searching examination into his educational background, his pharmaceutical knowledge and his integrity.

The confidence your doctor has in your pharmacist is a tribute both to the man and to the profession he serves. He merits from you the same degree of confidence that he has already earned from your doctor.

FINE PHARMACEUTICALS SINCE 1886

DOES MONEY TO WIN — BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Upjohn
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN



OUTDOOR LIVING

science museum teaches city
how to have fun in the woods

For city innocents whose only contact with the great outdoors has been purely synthetic, the Buffalo Museum of Science is giving a course in outdoor living. Guide and mentor is Ellsworth Jaeger, professional woodsman, who for years has been conducting lecture-room tours through the woods. This year, with war limiting vacations and sports, he foresees that many people who never got closer to the woods than driving through at 50 miles an hour will get rest-

less for the smell of pine trees, the clean air of mountains, the sound of a brook. Mr. Jaeger advises that they learn the fundamentals of outdoor living—how to make a pack, how to build a fire, outdoor shelter, simple camp cooking—and then take to the woods. Basic advice: start with a day's outing, progress to an overnight trip, never eat wild mushrooms, don't drink water that isn't chlorinated or boiled, know and respect the irritating power of poison ivy and oak.



using the simple devices shown above. Coffee
kept on fire, biscuit dough is baked at side.



Spit for chicken is made from pieces of wire twisted and tied to pole. Fan-shaped bark at
center turns with slightest breeze, keeps chicken turning. Dish below catches drippings.

SOCIAL SECURITY

at 65... will it bring you



SADNESS?

MR. IVES: Social Security will pay us \$60 a month. But to qualify for it, I'll have to give up my job.

MRS. IVES: But Jim, we simply can't make out on that little.

MR. IVES: No. It looks as if I'll be working from 9 to 5 as long as I can keep going. After all these years, we can't afford to accept Social Security when it is due.

OR JOY?

MR. LONG: Here it is! \$60 a month Social Security for us ... from now on!

MRS. LONG: And with our income from the insurance policies, we're sure of enough to make out comfortably. Isn't it wonderful!

MR. LONG: Yes, a new life begins at 65 for us, because we planned and saved for this day.



The Mutual Life representative in your community is qualified to chart your family's Social Security expectations. Let him show you how the insurance policies you now own can be fitted into your Social Security picture ... what other income may be needed to make it possible for you to receive Social Security and still maintain a reasonable standard of living. This service is wholly free and without obligation.



Write for FREE Social Security FILE

This specially designed file lists the 7 types of official records required to collect Social Security benefits, and provides for their convenient safe keeping. You will also receive a handy form on which you can estimate now your future Social Security benefits. A few minutes of foresighted planning may save you or your family costly delay in obtaining Social Security benefits when due. Mail this coupon today to Dept. LS-2.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

Lewis W. Douglas, President

"First in America"



1843—OUR 100th ANNIVERSARY YEAR, 1943
34 NASSAU STREET • NEW YORK CITY

How to Camp Out (continued)

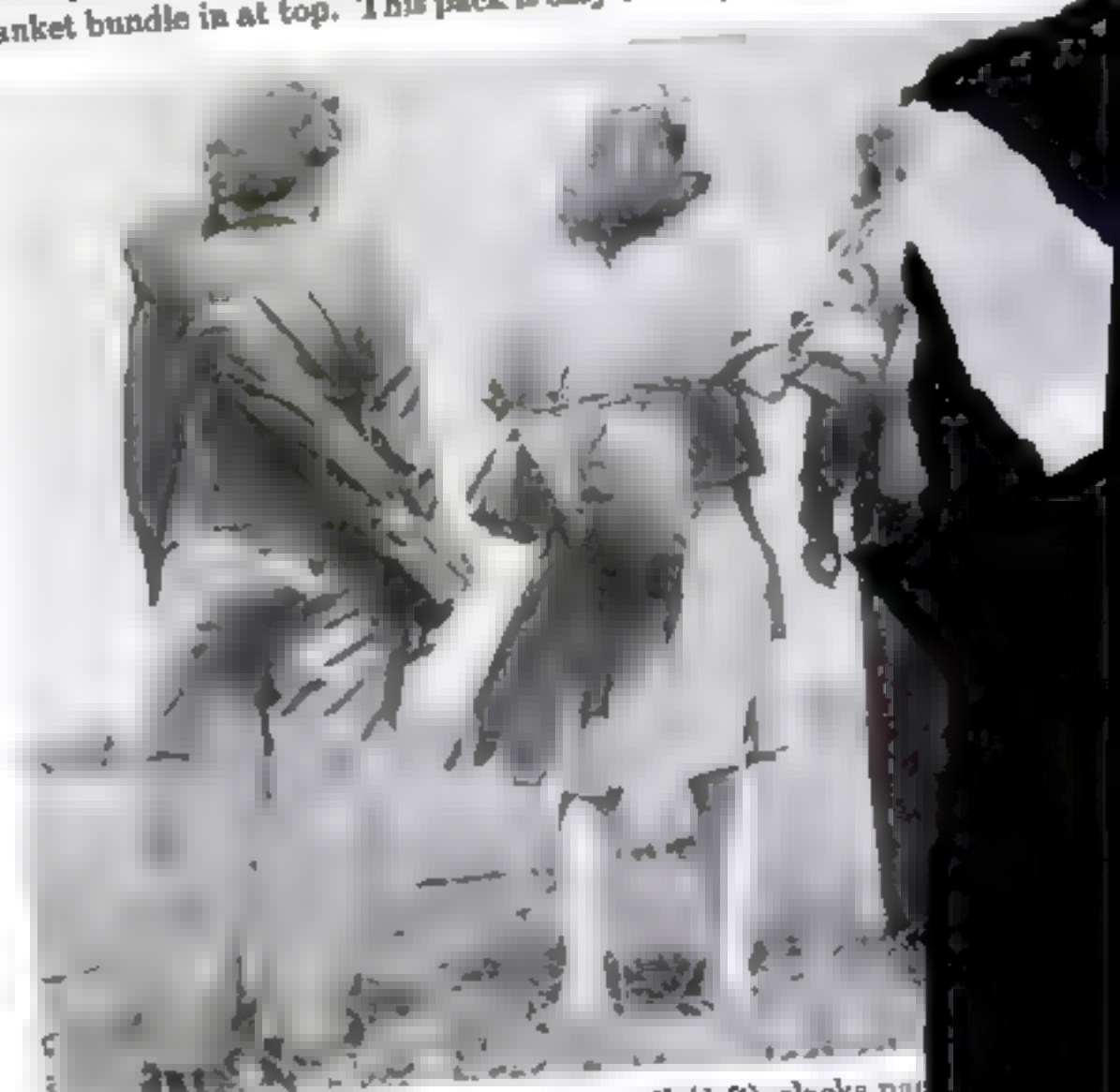
CAMPING PACKS



Minimum equipment for an overnight camping trip is shown above, includes cheese-cloth for screening out insects, and insect dope. Blanket is used to wrap equipment.



Slacks pack is made by tying the ends of the trouser legs with rope, then putting blanket bundle in at top. This pack is easy to carry, provides an extra pair of pants.



Three practical packs are the blanket roll (left), slacks pack with a blanket roll. Unwieldy frying pans are frequently tied to the pack.

CAMP SHELTERS



Food cupboard is made from an orange crate suspended from pole, can be raised or lowered. Flap on top comes down in case of rain. Note camp stove for heating.



Simple lean-to can be made by tying a cross pole to two well-spaced trees, fastening poles at two ends each end. This is used as a frame for stretching out a blanket.



Three-sided lean-to offers more protection, requires three blankets or large piece of canvas. If trees are not conveniently spaced, uprights may be made of sturdy poles.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



—BUT AVOID PAINFUL BURNING

A beautiful tan without blisters and ugly, painful redness! SKOL filters out the harmful, burning rays while it lets the tanning rays pass through!

SKOL is quick-drying, not oily, doesn't pick up sand. Contains an exclusive, patented form of tannic acid.

Antiseptic, too! Apply *before* exposure. Helps *relieve* sunburn, too.

Skol Company, Inc., New York.



SUN YOURSELF AND WORK BETTER



• **Victory Gardeners**—expose as much skin as possible to helpful sun's rays for a tan with Skol!



• **Skol** is the non-oily sunburn preventive most extensively used by the Armed Forces!



• **War Production**, you need extra sun! Work and play outdoors in bathing suit—and Skol!



1. And why not? Can you, for example, picture a masterpiece painted with but one color? No!



2. To achieve perfection... the artist "multi-blends" many colors with great skill. And so it is with Fine Arts Whiskey. Its matchless flavor comes from the "multi-blending" of several great whiskeys.



3. Yes! Golden-smooth whiskeys are tenderly blended with other deep-flavored whiskeys... then "multi-blended" to perfection for rare flavor and aroma. And each whiskey is mellowed for a full 5-years!



FINE ARTS WHISKEY

THE BLEND OF 5-YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKIES
90 PROOF

The straight whiskeys in this product are 5-years old—90 proof.
Distributed solely by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York.

How to Camp Out (continued)

CAMP FIRES



Fuzz sticks, good for starting fire, are made by whittling a dry stick, as above, and leaving shavings attached to stick. In lighting fires, hold match low to windward.



Star fire has ends of the logs meeting in center over blazing kindling. As the logs burn, they are pushed farther into the center, thus avoiding a lot of log chopping.



Crisscross fire, made by crisscrossing sticks of hard wood, is a hot fire good for broiling and roasting. Fires should never be built on grass unless the grass is wet.

CAMP COOKING



Tin cans made this frying pan, stove, dipper, cup, pan with wood handle, candle holder. Before using, enamel lining should be burned out, washed with strong soap.



Tin-can stove is made by making a large opening at bottom of one side and near top of opposite side to create cross-draft. The open end of can goes over tiny fire.



For egg sandwich, fry slice of bacon on the top of the stove, then remove. Make a hole in a slice of bread, place on greased stove top, break egg into it and fry.



Should an unmarried girl go alone to an Army camp?

It's Etiquet to wait for an invitation—and then, take another girl with you. Don't embarrass him by arriving, bag and baggage, all alone! And remember—he'll be doubly embarrassed if he notices under-arm perspiration or its odor. Protect your daintiness with *Etiquet*—the new antiseptic deodorant cream. More effective!® Works 5 ways!

Copyright 1945 by Lavin & Pink
L. & P. Inc., New York, N. Y.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps!

It's Etiquet that stops under-arm perspiration 1 to 3 days

- SAFELY STOPS under-arm perspiration itself 1 to 3 days. Use twice a week or oftener.
- SAFELY STOPS under-arm perspiration odor 1 to 3 days, 24% more effective than other deodorant creams tested.*
- SAVES CLOTHES. Prevents clothes-stains, clothes-rot due to under-arm perspiration.
- ANTISEPTIC. Pure. Soothing. Not irritating to normal skin. Safe to use every day.
- WORKS FAST. Disappears from sight. Not greasy, not sticky. No need to rinse off. Dab on... dress... dash!

LOOK FOR THE BLUE PLAIN JAR AT
TOILET GOODS COUNTERS. 10¢, 29¢

Etiquet

THE ANTISEPTIC DEODORANT CREAM

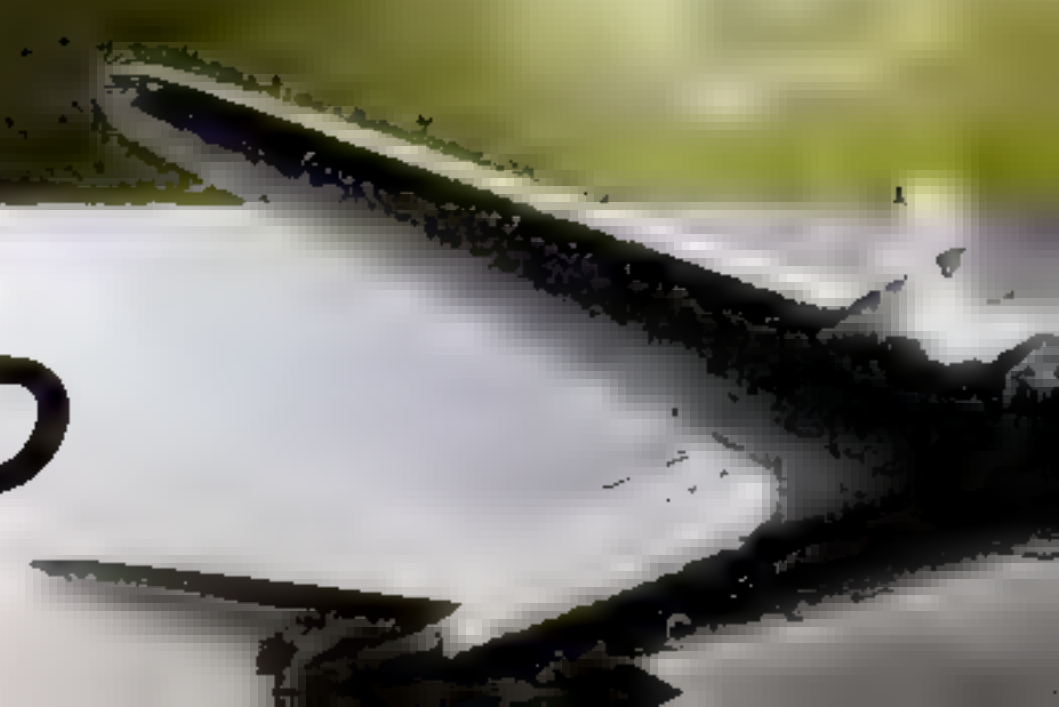


Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
1945-1946
MADE IN U.S.A.



"The aim of science is to free men from drudgery..."

Wings over the WORLD



Pan American's "Forum of the Future" has published statements from leaders of thought in many lands. There have been answers from philosophers like John Dewey, statesmen like Jan Masaryk of Czechoslovakia and churchmen like the Archbishop of Canterbury. Here a famous American scientist and educator gives you his view of the future.

"SCIENCE ... the common man's best friend"

a look into the future by **DR. KARL T. COMPTON,**
physicist and president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology

THROUGHOUT HISTORY, in order to obtain the material things they have always wanted, men have used three basic methods: *hard work, plunder and inventive genius*, which is the skillful combination of creative imagination and accurate knowledge when applied to accomplish a desired objective.

Hard physical work is still the method followed by the great majority of the human race. In the "sweat of the brow" they earn their daily bread.

THE SECOND METHOD, almost as old as the first, is to wait until your neighbor has harvested his crop, created a thing of beauty, or acquired a desirable possession by honest trading—and then rob him! This is the German method, the Japanese method—the gangster's method.

When practiced by large groups, this method is called conquest. The "superior race"—(that is the plunderers)—live handsomely without work. Their victims, without hope for the future, work for their masters as slaves. This is an unproductive and, in the end, a destructive method. We are fighting this war to abolish this method.

THE THIRD METHOD, which I have called inventive genius, enabled man ages ago to discover the use of fire; later, the wheel; later still, the sailing ship. In its advanced and more modern form we know this method as Science.

The aim of science (except in the hands of tyrannical perverts) is not to enslave men. The aim of science is to free men from drudgery by putting Nature to work. Science is the best friend the common man has ever had in the whole history of mankind.

* * *

Here are a few of the things science will be able to give the world, once Victory brings us lasting peace:

Aluminum or magnesium alloy automobiles, twenty years ahead of the last (1942) models, will weigh half what they do now, have sealed cooling systems, give 30 to 35 miles or more to the gallon of gas.

New appetizing food products, containing all essential ingredients for health and strength, will be packaged for easy distribution and storage and available at such low price as practically to eliminate under-nourishment.

Super cargo and luxury passenger airplanes will economically reach every part of the world on schedules as reliable as for travel on land or sea, while the family can travel safely in a private helicopter or autogiro easily maneuverable in restricted areas.

In medicine, conquest of the common cold and more dangerous diseases, by use of sulfa and similar new drugs, may outweigh this war's loss of life many times over. I hope so.

Hundreds of new light materials, unknown outside of the laboratory ten years ago, will revolutionize our lives. They should lift men as far above the Steel Age as the Steel Age lifted us above the Bronze—if not farther.

* * *

To win these and many other clear gains, the lessons of our recent experience seem clear.

As a marauding wolf is shot, or a robber is imprisoned to protect the community, so, in the future, must all peace- and freedom-loving nations act quickly and ruthlessly to stop and punish every act of international armed aggression. Then—and then only—will common men everywhere enter into the fuller life toward which the guiding hand of science now points.

(Signed) *Karl T. Compton*



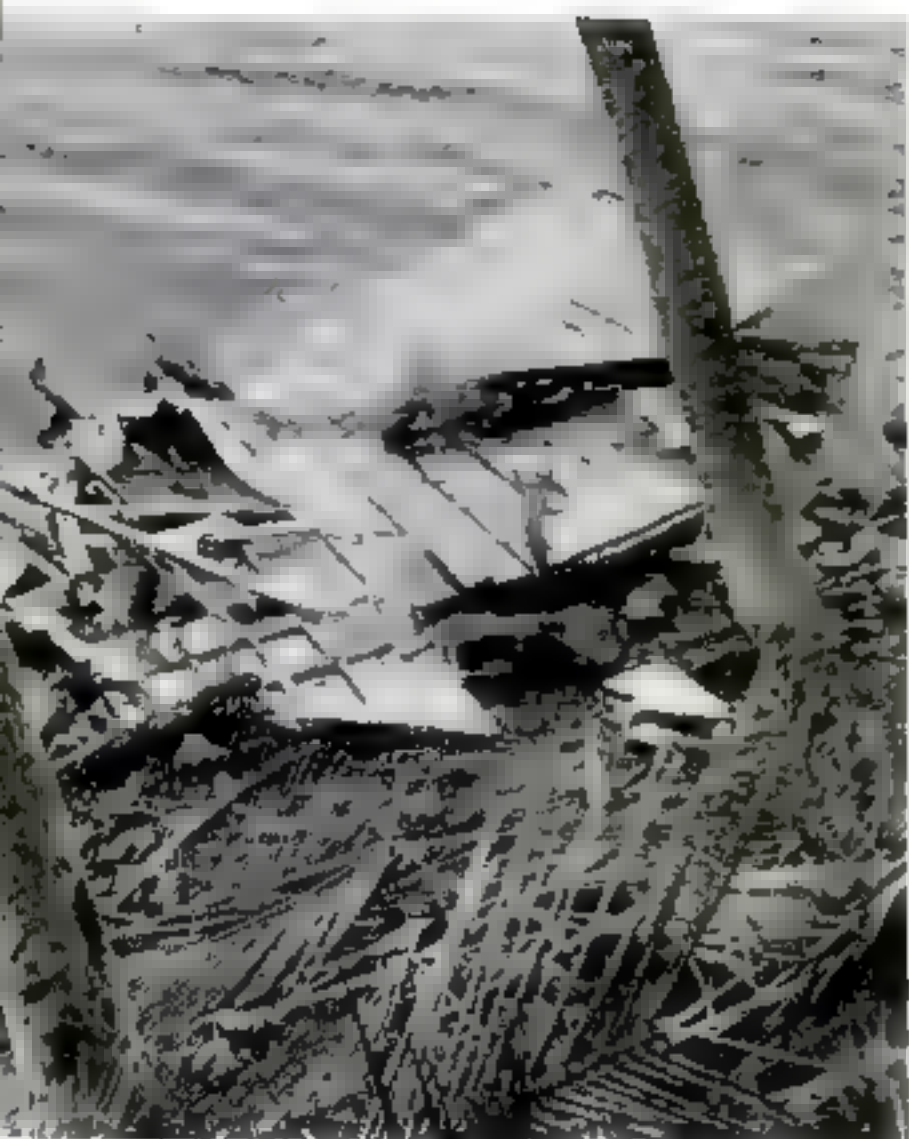
Of all the vehicles ever invented by man, the airplane puts the greatest premium on light weight. To Pan American, then, the coming of "*new light materials*," prophesied by Dr. Compton, opens up transportation vistas almost without limit.

Before the war we had placed orders for giant Clippers which would have brought London and Paris within ten hours of New York . . . Chungking, China, within twenty hours of San Francisco. Light metals will allow manufacturers to decrease weight, while increasing pounds carried per horsepower, thus common men everywhere will be able to travel by Clipper.

Today, of course, every Pan American facility is working to hasten the Victory on which all our plans for a better world must be built. Our trained personnel, our unequalled experience based on over 185,000,000 miles of overseas flight—these are now working overtime in the service of our Government and our armed services.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS SYSTEM

PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS



Wreckage of U. S. PT boat lies upon the shore. It is lodged between two of island's palm trees.



Japanese belly tank, discarded by a raider on its way to bomb American airfield, is examined by soldiers stationed on island.



Japanese torpedo that ran ashore during a battle lies on beach. The natives are accustomed to such evidences of modern war.

SOUTH SEA ISLAND

It has felt the impact of war

One of the disillusionments our fighting men in the Pacific have met in this war is that few South Sea islands live up to the languorous standards of Hollywood. They have discovered that the carefree natives of their imagination are usually sickly or diseased. The lush jungles swarm with myriad flying or crawling discomforts. The lazy tropical nights are made miserable by mosquitoes. And many of the islands that might have been lovely have been marred by civilization's war.

Such an island is pictured on these pages. It had rarely seen white or yellow men until a few months ago. Now it

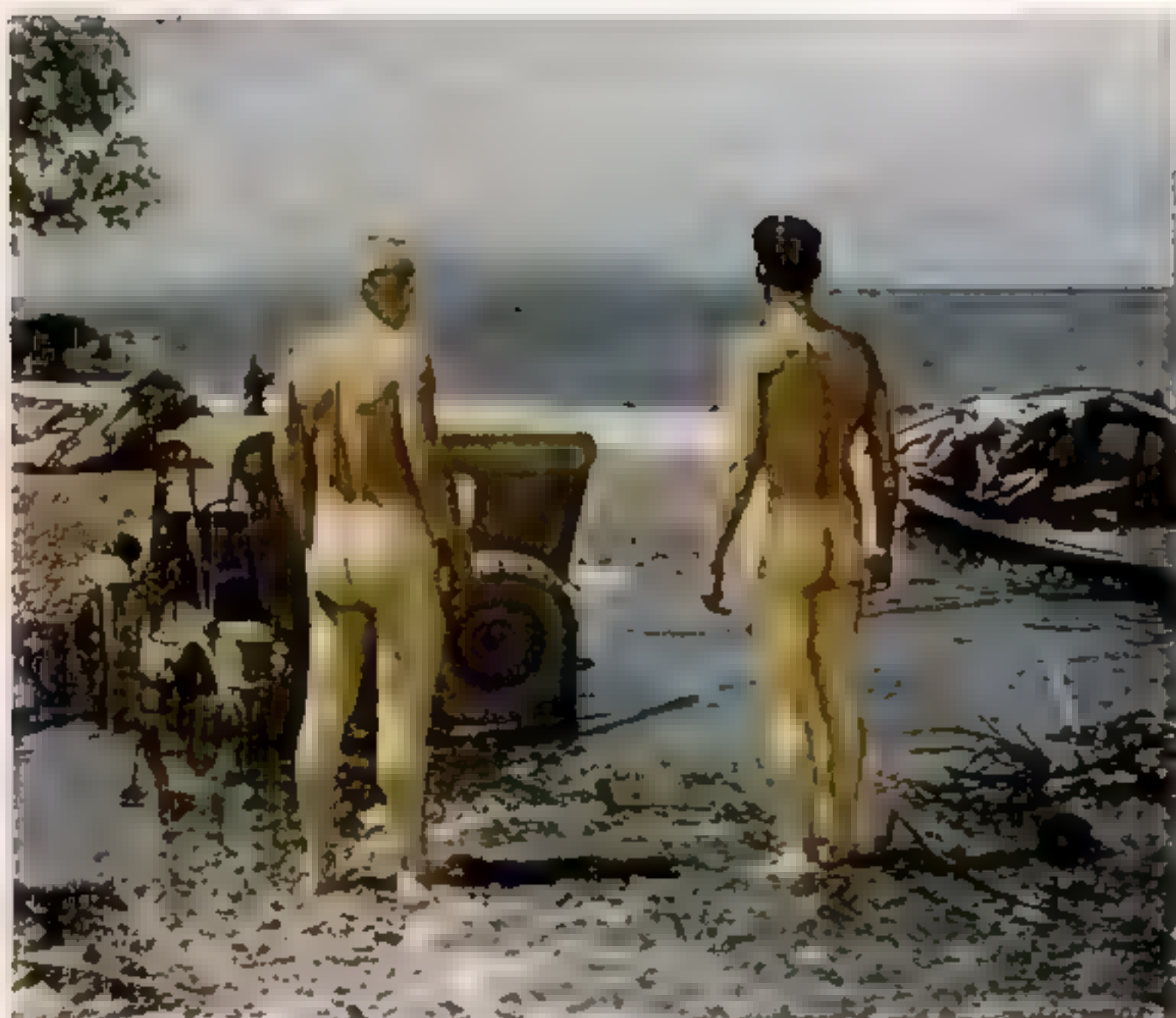
lies in the heart of a fighting zone, and battles that will decide the course of the world have been fought off its shores and in the air over its hills. U. S. soldiers stationed there as a holding force are now, in spite of the spoilage of war, living the sort of life many of them have dreamed about. With a relieving group, LIFE Photographer Frank Scherschel recently visited the island. He bathed in its hot springs, ate bananas, walked the shores to examine the jetsam of war and talked with the friendly natives. Before he left the island, the native women staged a ceremonial dance and loaded the departing Americans with gifts of bananas.



U. S. soldier talks to three local Melanesian chiefs (one with belt), outside this typical bamboo hut. The native at right is proudly smoking a highly-prized pipe. Soldiers stationed on island live just like the natives, cooking their food on oil drums buried in the sand. The natives are friendly to them, heartily dislike the Japanese.



Friendly native spells his name in the earth for soldier. Though he can write it on the ground, he cannot spell it orally. Like most Melanesians, he conducts business in pidgin English (see pp. 67-70). He is a Catholic and wears a large crucifix about his neck. Soldiers find that natives like these are eager to guide them about the island and hear about Great White Father in Washington.



Two naked American soldiers, after breakfast of five bananas, slosh around in the mud trying to free their jeep. Over their heads, in the morning sunlight, glints a South Pacific bay, scene of big naval battles. In the distance is another tropical island which likewise may have American outposts.



Green bananas are piled in a heap before being given to the departing American soldiers. The natives were sorry to see the troops go. The soldiers' most common food had been a kind of hot chocolate. The recipe: "Stir like hell, hold your breath for the first two swallows, and the rest goes easy."



Native scout barbers with Americans as they carve names on rock. One can of D ration equals several lines. Two packages of cigarettes are equivalent to a native fish hook. A pipe, old or new, is good for a wife. No Americans considered the wives worth a pipe.



A native loads a load of bananas which are gifts for departing Americans. He wears a red bandana and carries a U.S. ration can. A few minutes later the soldiers with their gifts were ferried out to a lugger waiting to carry them to the area's main U.S. base.



Debris of the great sea battles, fought in this area, line the Pacific island's beaches. This is a Japanese landing barge, apparently strafed and partially sunk by U. S. planes. Late rifles, parts of PT boats, Jap belly tanks from fighters, are also found on beaches.



A small wrecked Jap ship flounders on the beach. To all wrecks natives are called scavengers. They merely wick around them, examine them for food or trinkets and then go on their way. Sometimes they have even been known to throw rocks at the still-living war machines of stranded Jap forces.



Ceremonial dances were staged by native women, all of whom dressed in their finest for the occasion. The dancers looked like languid setting-up exercises; the songs which the dancers sang for their own accompaniment were weird but strangely melodious.



The dancers swing into their dance, with much shaking of legs, accompanied by their incantatory songs. Says Photographer Scherschel, "With its palm trees and bare-breasted women, this is the only island I have seen which measures up to the storybook tales of the glamorous South Seas."



Final moments of the dance are watched by men holding sons. To the natives, such dances are still more important than the naval battles off their coasts or the aerial dogfights over their island. In place of their siestas the natives now sit back and enjoy the spectacle of civilized U. S. fighting.



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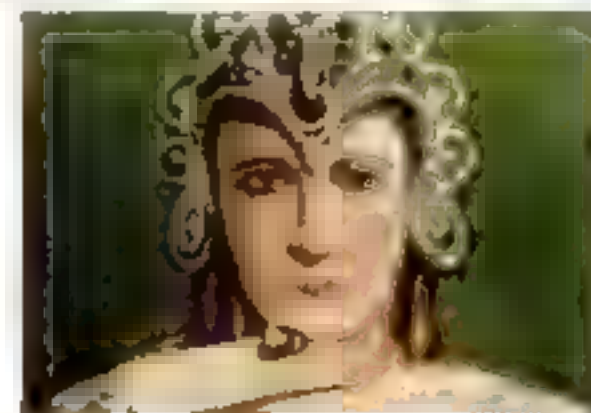
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PIDGIN ENGLISH

It may sound like baby talk but soldiers in South Seas have to learn words and grammar

by FRANCIS SILL WICKWARE

One of the more obscure yet diverting by-products of global war is that the U. S. Army is teaching soldiers in the South Pacific to say *Cut-um grass belong head belong me!* for "I want a haircut," *Capsers-im coffee 'long cup* for "Pour the coffee," and *He got sheepy-sheep?* for "Is there any lamb?"

On the surface this looks and sounds like pure whimsy, and a few years ago it probably would have been set down as boondoggling. But it is a matter of practical necessity for soldiers in New Guinea, the Solomons and thereabouts to know that in Melanesian pidgin—the language of the natives—"lightning" is *light belong cloud*, "mirror" is *glass belong look-look*, "nothing" is *be-no got something*, "nausea" is *bel-be turn-im*, "food" is *kas-kas*, "bicycle" or "coffee grinder" is *wheel-wheel*, "artery" or "vein" is *rope be-got blut*, a knee is *screw belong leg*, "dust" is *smoke belong ground*, "hospital" is *house sick*, "flat-tery" is *grease*, the "first of the month" is *new fellow moon be-come up*, a "toe" is *finger belong foot*, a conceited person is a *big-head*, and a for-er is a *man belong 'nother fellow place*.

Melanesian pidgin is one of 40-odd languages and dialects now being taught by the Army's Special Service Division, in conjunction with the Linguistic Society of America and the Intensive Language Program of the American Council of Learned Societies.

It has its own vocabulary and grammatical rules which are as precise as those of English. "Pidgin" always suggests a kind of grown-up baby talk used only for communication between white men and natives, but this is not the case in Melanesia. There the original pidgin English of colonists, missionaries and traders forms the basis of a new language, part English and part Melanesian, which is spoken by over a million natives in the area. An outsider going to live in the Southwest Pacific would have to learn Melanesian pidgin the way he would learn French or any other foreign tongue.

Melanesian pidgin evolved into a separate language chiefly because there are between five hundred and a thousand different tribal dialects in the archipelago. A dialect spoken on one side of the mountain in village X may be incomprehensible in village Y on the other side, and both may be worse than Greek to the inhabitants of island Z across the strait. But pidgin supersedes the dialects, and today is the principal means of intertribal communication.

Melanesian pidgin had its start when English whalers first put into Melanesian harbors back in the 18th Century and the natives picked up the strange speech of their crews. Later, after the colonization of Australia, thousands of Melanesians were indentured as servants, farm hands and laborers in the plantations on the mainland. They were drawn from many different tribes and couldn't understand one another. Instead of trying to master hundreds of dialects, they sensibly adopted a basic English vocabulary and used it more or less according to their own ideas of grammar. The Melanesians have long memories. They picked up their first English from sailors, plantation overseers and similar robust characters, and consequently the old four-letter Anglo-Saxon words are common in the vocabulary. Attempts have been made to "purify" the language to suit the taste of ladies and missionaries, but with no result. Melanesian is often earthy, not to say obscene, although the Melanesians don't realize it. Another revealing thing about the language is the almost complete lack of "polite" words and phrases like "Thank you," "Yes, sir," and so on. This may be because the original English settlers never bothered to be polite to the natives and consequently gave them no chance to learn etiquette.

Pidgin today is commonly spoken even in the remote mountain villages and is regarded as the mark of a traveled and educated individual, although two-thirds of the inhabitants never have had any dealings with white men. There are, naturally, certain variations in vocabulary and pronunciation from village to village and from island to island. Thus in New Guinea the word for "forest" is *bush*, while in the Solomons it is *scrub*. Some natives drop their h's, while others do not. Some pronounce "master" *mastab* and others pro-

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PIDGIN ENGLISH (continued)

nounce it *massa*. "Fellow" is *fella* in some districts and *paisa* elsewhere, and every plantation has certain words that might not be understood by other natives. The pidgin taught by the Army is spoken by tribes around the Sepik River in New Guinea. The grammatical rules of this pidgin apply generally to all, even though some expressions may be peculiar to the Sepik River tribes.

The pidgin vocabulary of the average Melanesian is roughly equivalent to that of an alert American child of 7 or 8, and the whole language is geared to the simple vocabulary. Verbs have no tense, person or number, and *me come* means either "I come," "I came" or "I will come." To indicate the future the natives use *bimeby* (by-and-by) as in *bimeby me come*, while the word *finish* shows completed action—*me come finish*, "I have come." Otherwise verbs are used about as they are in English, except that many non-verbs crop up in verb forms. For instance, *all-right-im* means to "fix" or "repair," and *back-im* means to "repay." Furthermore, two verbs in pidgin frequently are needed to do the job of one in English. "Pull it down" thus is translated *pull-im be-come down*, and "stop the machine" is *make-im die machine*.

Another peculiarity of Melanesian pidgin is the repetition running through the language. The way of saying "I stopped for a long while" or "You must keep on going for a long distance," is *Me stop, stop, stop* and *You go, go, go*. In some cases repetition alters or intensifies the meaning of certain words. If you wash your hands the word is *wash-im*, but if you have a bath it is *wash-wash*. If you glance at something you *look*, but if you stare you *look-look*. Likewise, if you make a casual remark you *talk*, whereas if you have a long conversation you *talk-talk*. In addition, there is considerable repetition—as in *sheepy-sheep* for lamb or mutton—simply because this is characteristic of the old native dialects.

The plural form in pidgin is unwieldy. It is always *one-fellow man*, *plenty-fellow man* or *altogether-man* (everybody). Pronouns are *me*, *you* and *em* or *im*, *Me-fellow* is "we" or "us," *you-fellow* is "you" and *em-all* is "they." "The five of us" would be *me five-fellow* and "all of them" is *em altogether*. Other pronouns include *who's-ast* (who?), *belong who's-ast* (whose?), *belong me-fellow* (ours) and so on.

Possession is shown by *belong*—*house belong dis-fellow man*, for example—and there is no "mine" or "yours." The only other preposition is "long from" "along," which takes the place of "in," "on," "toward," "from," "to," "into," "onto," as in *me-fellow come long ship* (we came on, to, or from the ship).

To ask the time in pidgin you say, *How much clock?* If it happens to be between 2 and 3, say, the answer will be *Two-clock be-go finish*, *three-clock be-no come-up yet*. Days of the week are *one day* (Monday), *two day*, *three day*, etc., and in some districts numbers are expressed with reference to hands and feet. Thus "five" is *one-fellow hand* (five fingers), "fifteen" is *two-fellow hand one-fellow foot*, and "twenty" is *one-fellow man*. But twelve is the largest number most Melanesians can deal with, except for coast traders who have been accustomed to handling shell money. A roll of shillings, incidentally, is called a *fuse*, because of its supposed resemblance to a dynamite fuse.

Foreigners encourage odd phrases

Like children, the Melanesians use their limited vocabulary to invent graphic expressions for new things and ideas, rather than learn new words. A "telescope" to them is *bamboo belong look-look*, a "flashlight" is a *shoot-lamp*, a gun muzzle is *eye belong masker*, "centipede" is *snake be-got hand*. The unlikely phrase for "seaplane" is *balus belong soda water*. *Balus* is native Melanesian for "dove" while *soda-water* is a native approximation of "salt water."

Some Melanesian descriptions belong in a class with U. S. jive talk. Here, for instance, is the pidgin definition of "accordion"—*likish boxkiss* (little box) *you push him be cry you pull him be cry*. A piano is *big-fellow boxkiss* *you fight him teeth belong-im now boxkiss be cry*. It is interesting that West African pidgin has almost the same phrase for "piano"—*one big boxkiss too much massa fight him from outside be cry from inside*.

Foreigners have been largely responsible for spreading the more grotesque pidgin phrases. The first time an Englishman heard a native describe a "piano" he thought it was funny and repeated it to his friends. The other natives picked it up from them. The process is somewhat similar to the way that young children learn conventional baby talk which adults actually teach them. A child seeing a locomotive for the first time does not spontaneously burst forth with "choo-choo," but if there is an adult around to call it "choo-choo" he accepts this as the proper term.

But Melanesian pidgin is not all humorous fantasy. Much of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

What to do with your old fur coat:



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PIDGIN ENGLISH (continued)

language is uncomfortably blunt. "How long is it since you bathed?" becomes *skin belong you be stink. Callum how much day be loose 'long you wash-wash?* A pregnant woman is *dis-fellow mary be got bel—mary* for "woman" possibly being derived from "married." *Broke-bim bel* denotes a miscarriage, and *all-time all-time mary belong me be throw out* describes a woman who vomits frequently.

Bel in Melanesian not only means "stomach" or "belly," but also "mind," "spirit" and "emotions." An angry man is *bel belong em be-hot* while *bel be-good fellow* means "to be in good humor." *Bel be-fast* (right) means sadness, *make-bim cold bel* is "to pacify" and *think-think 'long bel* is "to reflect" or "consider."

The word *bone* has similar uses. A "rough guy" is *dis-fellow man be dry-bone too-much* while a "coward" is *bone belong dis-fellow man be-all-same water*, and a native weary of working may remark *me broke-bim bone 'long work*.

The native intonation gives pidgin a sometimes plaintive, sometimes harsh sound, like a phonograph record played at irregular speed. But pronunciation is mostly the same as English. However, "ch" is pronounced like "s" (*mus* instead of "much"); "f" is like "p" (*put* for "foot"); "j" is "ch" or "sh" (*chug* or *shug* for "jug"); "sh" is "s" (*sell* for "shell"); "th" is "t," "d," or "s" (*dis* for "this," *mouse* for "mouth," *somet'ing* for "something"); "wh" is "w" (*wat* for "what"); and "z" is like "s" or soft "c" (*razor* for "razor"). Natives cannot pronounce double consonants easily, and generally insert a vowel between them. Thus, "stop" is *ss-top*; "steal" is *ss-teal* and "propeller" is corrupted to *kura-vella*.

Natives, and foreigners who are familiar with pidgin, rattle it off at high speed, but novices must speak slowly and distinctly if they expect to be understood. Sentences always are cast in the simplest form—subject and predicate, with adjectives preceding the noun—and the verb "be" is generally omitted. Thus, "The house is big" is *House be-big-fellow*, and "I am good" is *me good fellow*. If the "be" is absolutely necessary, "stop" may be used as an equivalent. *Me stop good-fellow* therefore is "I am always good," and *How-much man be-stop?* is "How many men are there?"

Pidgin Ten Commandments

The most important rule of pidgin is to keep all sentences short and simple, and never to try to make a sentence express more than one thought. In fact, each completed thought should be announced with *all-right*. It also is a good idea to summarize each sentence by repeating the principal verb. Pointing and saying *dis-fellow here* is the only way to express the idea of "that thing over there." The natives point with their chins, but finger pointing is all right for newcomers.

In any pidgin language, statements are apt to be either extremely brief, or tremendously long-winded. In Papua, an interpreter made the following compact announcement of the coronation of King George VI. *King George be dead. Number one son Edward be no want him clothes. Number two son George be like. Bishop be make plenty talk 'long new hing true. He say, "You look out good 'long all people?" King be talk, "Yes." Then Bishop and plenty government official and storekeeper and soldier and bank manager and policeman, all be stand up and sing and blow him trumpet. Finish*

Some pidgin translations of the Commandments likewise are succinct. Thus: *Keep Sunday. Hear for papa and mamma. No kill. No make bad. No thief. No lie. No want other man his mary.*

Contrasted with this succinct version of a complicated event is this account, by a native, of the arrival of a piano and violin: *One-fellow big-fellow bockass be-come 'long-ship. Now master be-talk: "Hurry up quick you-fellow catch-im be-go on top." Now master be-talk: "Catch bim tomahawk be come." All-right. Me-fellow catch-im tomahawk. Now broke-im bockass. Goddam! Other-fellow bockass be-stop inside. All-right. Now me-catch-im tomahawk. Me like broke-im number two bockass. Now master be hold-im-fast hand belong-me. Bel belong him be no-good finish. Master be talk: "You long-long (crazy) man, you! You like broke-bim something belong missis?" Now me look-im bockass. Goddam! He got teeth! Plenty-fellow teeth be catch. All-right. Now master be sing-out-him missis. Now master catch-im chair. Now missis catch-im liklik (little) bockass. Master be-fight-im teeth belong big-fellow bockass. Goddam! Bockass be-savvy cry-out. Now missis scrape-im liklik bockass 'long stick—liklik stick, be all same bow 'n arrow. Goddam! Dis-fellow bockass be-cry, all-a-same pussy! Enough.*

This sort of thing has a strong hypnotic effect if one is exposed to it for long. Undoubtedly U. S. slang will be broadened and enriched after the war when our soldiers come home with Melanesian pidgin on their tongues. On the other hand, it's equally likely that the pidgin language even now is undergoing changes as the natives are exposed to potent Americanisms.



FLAK-ACK-ACK—"SLEEP! LET ME SLEEP!"

WAR FLYING plays on a man's nerves like a pick on a mandolin. He's got to stay keyed up. Watch those instruments. Watch for the target. Watch for the enemy. Strain. Look now! Keep looking . . .

Hour after hour of it. Drone of the motors, endless . . . Wake up! Watch!

Quiet at last, back at the airdrome. Quiet in bed, no motors pounding, no flak, no ack-ack. Too quiet.

Why can't a fellow sleep? Oh, for some sleep. "Grant me the mercy . . ."

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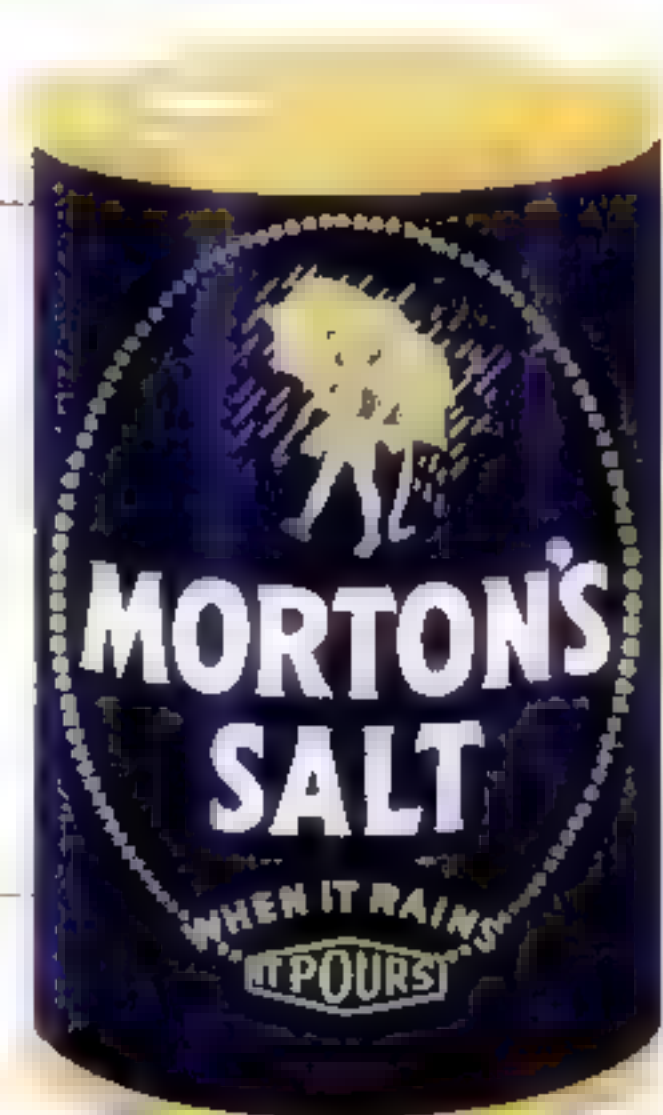
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OF WAR IS TAUGHT
WELL AT FORT BENNING

At the dingy railroad station in Columbus, Ga., several times each week, some 200 young Americans clamber down from the Atlanta local and the Seminole from Chicago, climb aboard trucks for nearby Fort Benning. Thirteen weeks later, two out of three of these same young men, now brand-new second lieutenants of Infantry, run to catch outbound trains from the same station.

Between those dates these youngsters go through the largest, most efficient and most ruthless educational institution in the world. They are students in the officer candidate course at The Infantry School of the U. S. Army. They were chosen carefully from the ranks of the Army as officer material to lead foot soldiers in shooting warfare. The infantry will eventually win this war and the classic cry of the infantry commander is "Follow me." To develop that capacity for leadership in the field is the whole purpose of the Officer Candidate School at Benning.

Here the art of war is taught in concentrated form. From the moment of their arrival, officer candidates ("O. C.'s") are put under an educational pressure which continues to increase week by week until they graduate—or flunk out. A class's first activity is to meet all in a body for an orientation talk. The 200 new O. C.'s, in gray-green coveralls with their nameplates pinned on the left chest, file into one of The Infantry School's big wooden halls. The air prickles with disquiet. Onto the stage strides an erect, mature officer—one of the colonels who head up the academ-

ic department of the school. "Gentlemen," he begins, "you are to be congratulated upon being selected for this course. You have been chosen as potential officers. Begin now to think and act like officers."

From then on the process of transmuting these O. C.'s from enlisted men who look out only for themselves into officers who train and lead their infantry platoons into combat, goes on at a terrific pace. The practical take-nothing-for-granted training course starts with infantry weapons which every O. C. must master so well that he can instruct his future command, goes through mass demonstrations at which the O. C. sees how it is done by experts (*above*) and concludes with intensive field exercises in which O. C.'s put their knowledge to the tough test of mimic battle. How they come through this ordeal depends no more upon their technical ability than upon their sense of leadership as exhibited and judged almost every minute by their instructors and fellow-students.

That this educational system is just about world's best is attested by the praise heaped upon The Infantry School by noted educators. After observing O. C. training, Dr. James Grafton Rogers of Yale declared "The Infantry School is simply magnificent!" Wrote Professor Warren A. Seavey of the Harvard Law School: "I had not supposed that an Army school could be so good, and I am somewhat chagrined that, in spite of an entire life spent in studying educational methods, I am not able to suggest anything which would appreciably affect the quality of the work."



M1 RIFLE



CARBINE



81-MM. MORTAR



37-MM. ANTITANK GUN



NEW ARRIVALS LINE UP BEFORE A CASUAL BATTALION BARRACKS AT INFANTRY SCHOOL.

CLASS IN THE M1 RIFLE is taught to assist in the weapon most infantrymen carry. Classes usually work in small units like this, coached by enlisted assistant instructors (note corporal at right). Thorough working knowledge of weapons is essential to officers who will instruct men.



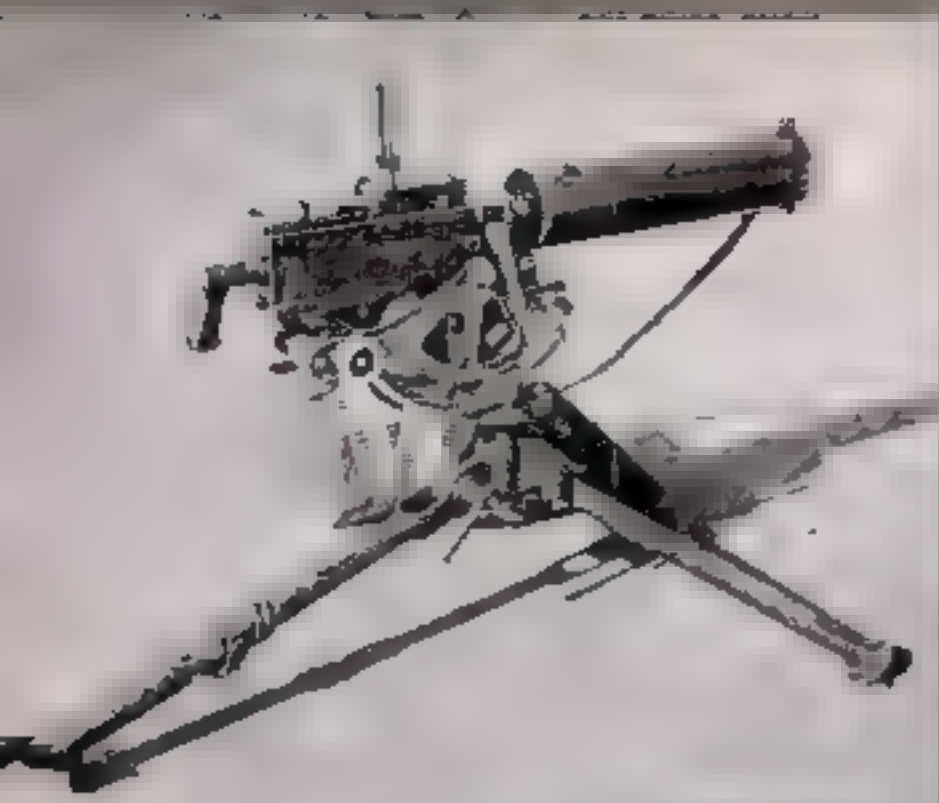
WEAPONS

The tools of an infantryman are the basic weapons his company uses in combat and, understandably, a good deal of the officer candidate's time is spent in the study of them. Most of the students have had some acquaintance with these weapons before. But for the first six weeks of the Infantry School course they relearn what they already know and find out more new facts than they ever thought existed about the mechanism and use of such things as rifles and machine guns. For now one of the most important points of being an officer is made to them. They are shown, by rotation and example, that a good officer, no matter what his rank, must also be a good instructor. He must completely understand the weapons himself to be able to explain them to others.

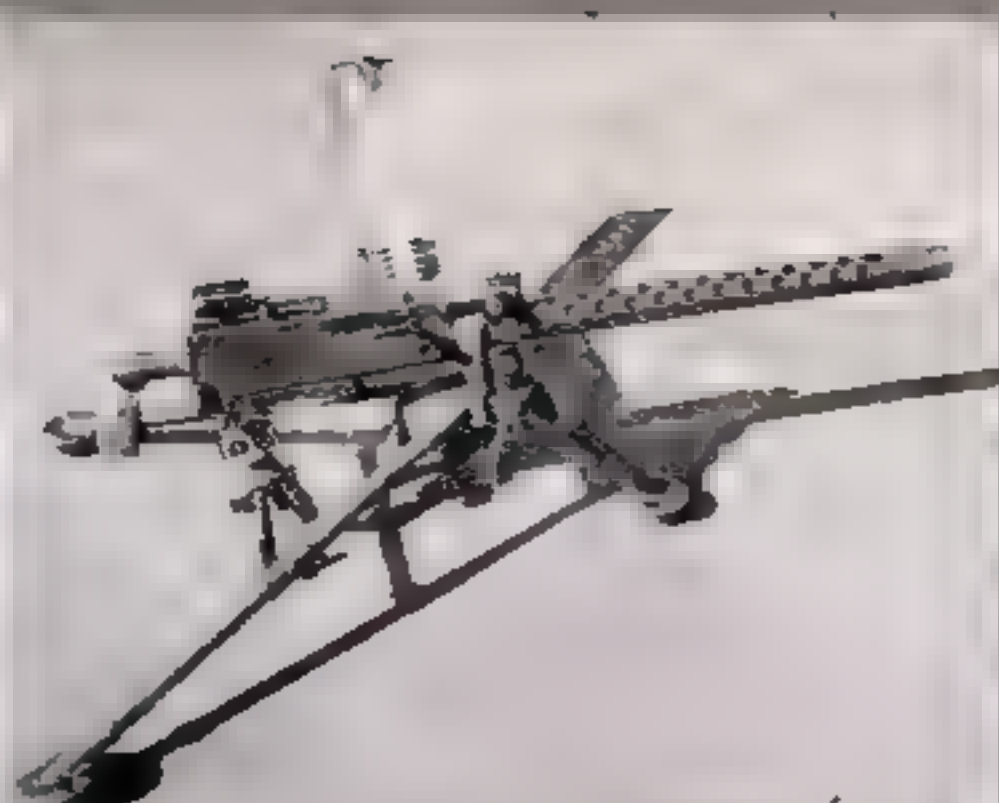
Students spend four hours successively assembling, disassembling and firing the weapons shown in the picture above. In addition to these weapons they are instructed in the use of the grenade and the bayonet. They learn how to take small arms apart in the dark and put them together again. They spend more hours on the firing ranges getting

BAYONET PRACTICE helps to produce an aggressive spirit. Special course in leadership, conducted by noted infantry officers, emphasizes inspirational value of commanders who can lead men in hand-to-hand encounters, and fight "with guts on both ends of their bayonets."

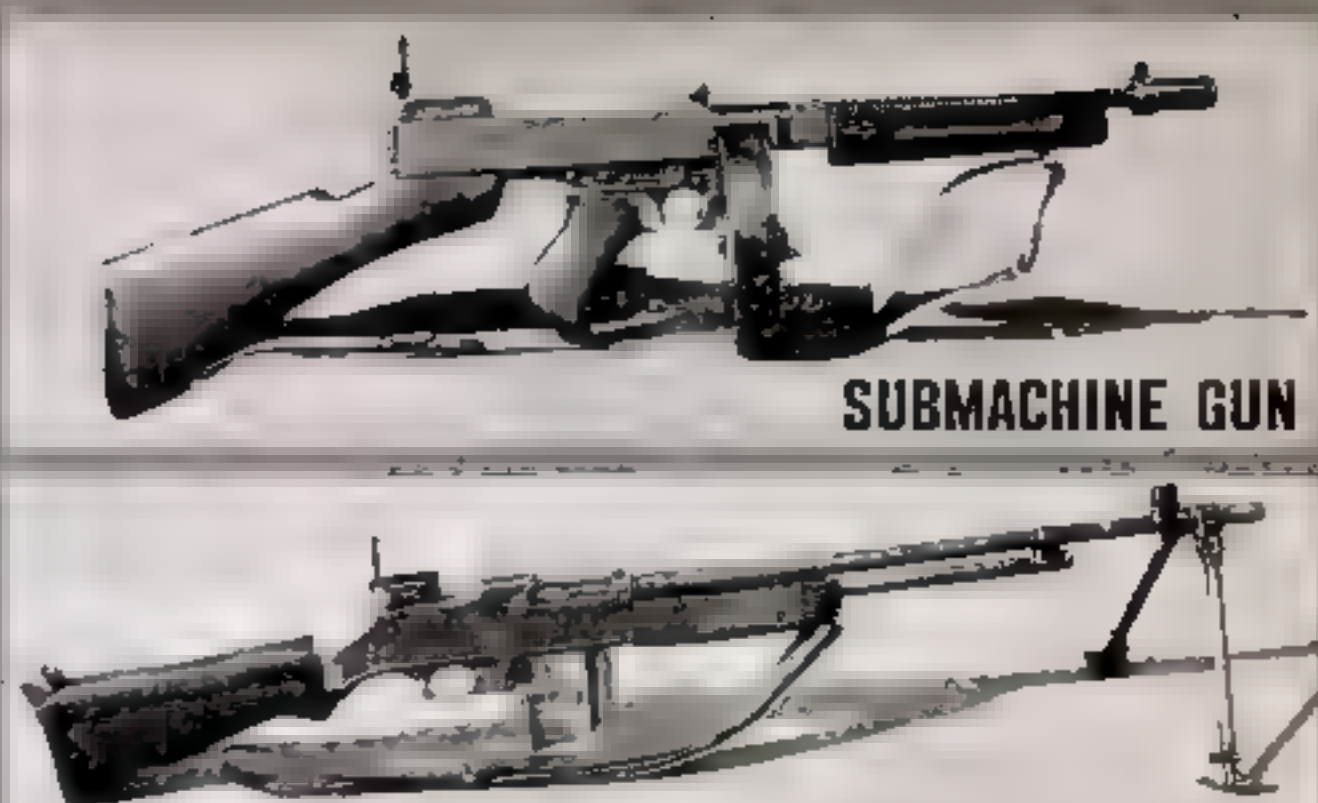




WATER-COOLED MACHINE GUN



AIR-COOLED MACHINE GUN



SUBMACHINE GUN

AUTOMATIC RIFLE

CANDIDATES MUST KNOW THEIR FUNCTION TO TEACH THEIR USE TO ENLISTED MEN

used to the feel and rate of fire of the guns they will use in combat. During this instruction, the students work in groups that switch the roles of teacher and pupil to give everyone a chance to instruct as well as to learn. This ability of a man to teach is rated along with, and sometimes above, the ability to learn. As they move on to the heavier weapons, students are made to direct squads, such as those responsible for an 81-mm. mortar, in the field. Careful note is taken by officer instructors of the way they deploy their men, camouflage their position and lay their fire. Their mistakes are criticized and points are brought out that will simplify and improve their technique.

By this time the men of the Officer Candidate School have settled down to a routine of study, lectures, field work harder than anything most of them have ever known before. They are beginning to understand the combination of knowledge, judgment, endurance, and enthusiasm that makes for a good officer. And they realize, too, they are being judged as men in a profession that does not allow for failure.

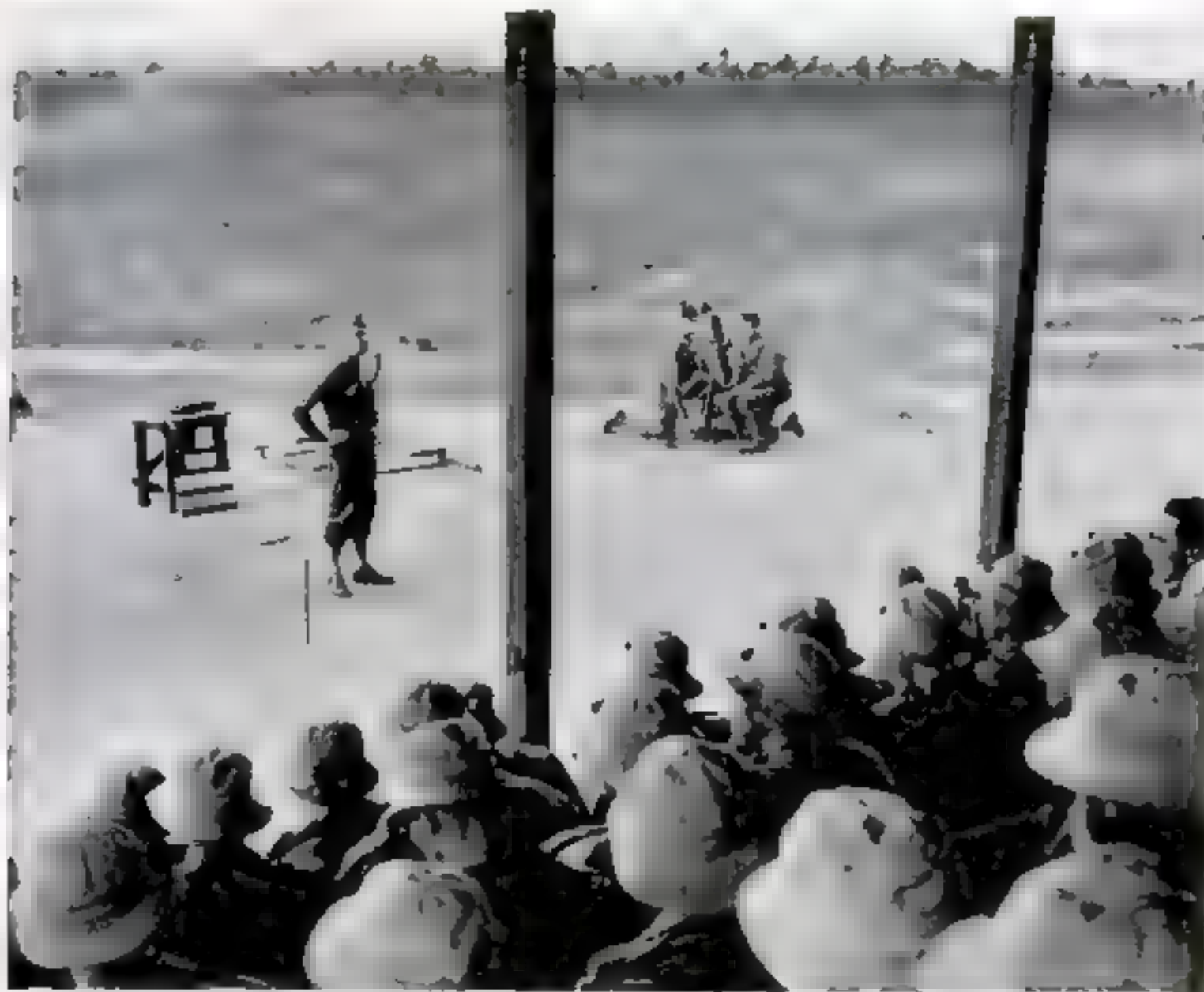
FIRING 37-MM. ANTITANK GUNS teaches candidates the amount and effectiveness of fire they can expect their troops in the field to deliver with this weapon. The students below are wearing typical field uniform and fatigue hat, though later classes have taken to wearing helmets.



CLASS IS GIVEN A GRADED TEST IN THE FIELD AFTER HEAVY MORTAR INSTRUCTION

TANK RUNS OVER CANDIDATE who is crouching in deep foxhole. All officer candidates are made to go through this test in a foxhole they have dug themselves. It teaches them the safety of infantry antitank defense and the importance of a properly dug foxhole in actual combat.





MORTAR DEMONSTRATION'S commentary is given by an officer instructor with microphone on chest. Men at mortar simulate action while others fire live shells onto range in front of stands.

DEMONSTRATIONS

"SHOW THEM HOW IT'S DONE" IS SCHOOL SLOGAN

No successful Broadway producer has a better sense of the theatrical than the instructors at the Officer Candidate School. Meticulously staged military spectacles, enacted by regular infantry troops attached to the school, are frequently put on in front of candidate classes to show them what war looks and sounds like at firsthand. These impressive demonstrations are one of the most important parts of the school's curriculum. For they remove military science from the realm of blackboard diagrams and allow each student to see and hear for himself exactly why a gun is placed in a particular position and fired to obtain a certain result.

The instructors at these demonstrations have the men hanging on their every word. In addition to holding their attention through the action they are describing before them, they intersperse their talks with illustrative jokes, play hot jazz records during breaks, sometimes even have fire crackers set off under the wooden stands to astonish students to distraction and noise. Because they are kept alert, students rarely forget something they have seen or heard during the 50 or 60 demonstrations shown to an average class. They are soon grateful, for the next step, shown on the following pages, is to go out into the field and apply the lessons acted before them.



RIVER CROSSING is staged by engineers. Officer candidates run across stream after bridges are completed. Men in foreground with braided caps are infantry officers taking a refresher course.



A PROBLEM IN MILITARY SUPPLY IS SHOWN TO THIS INFANTRY SCHOOL CLASS. THESE



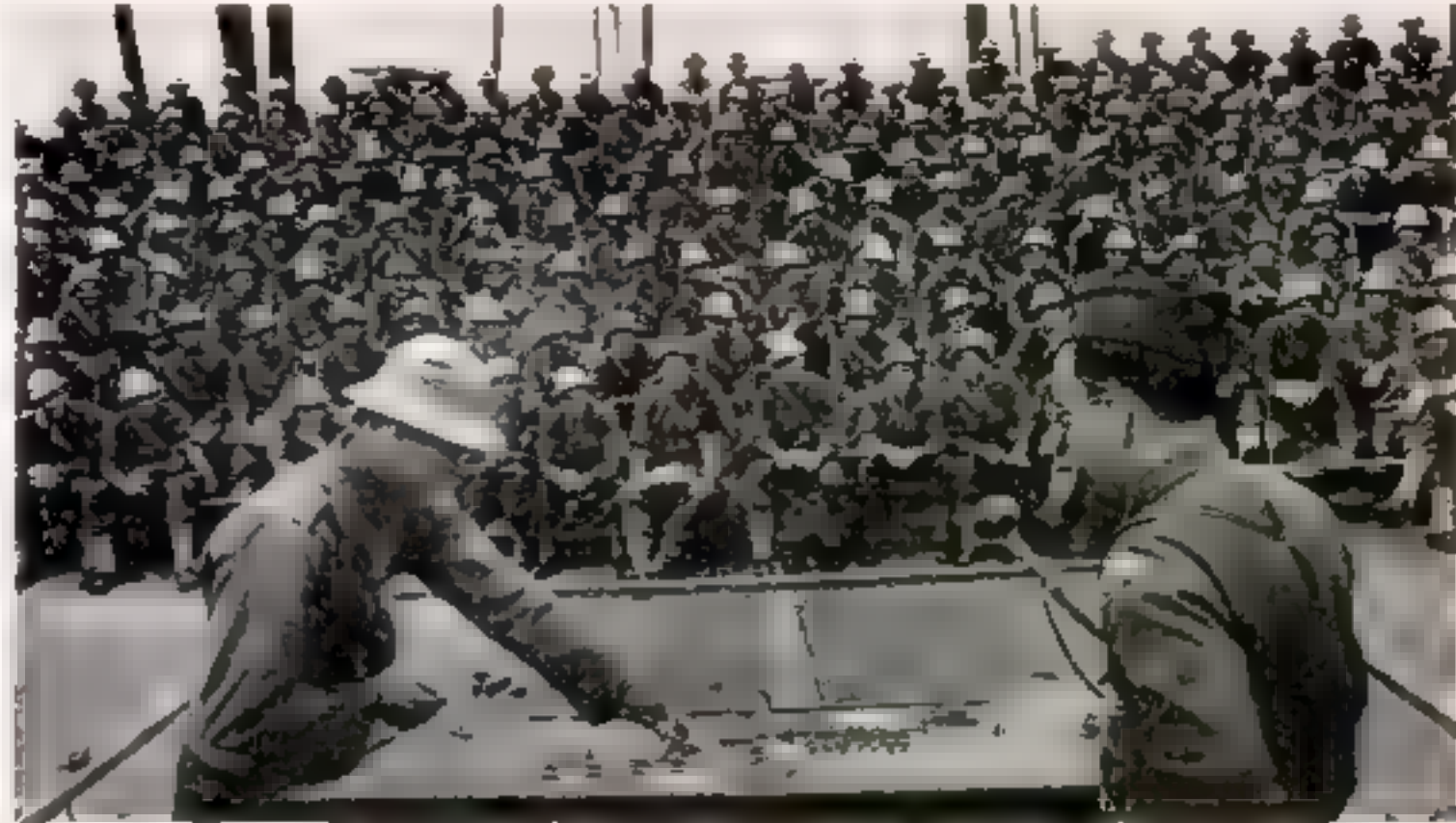
TYPICAL MEDICAL AID STATION is set up for the candidates' inspection. As future infantry officers they will be responsible for location, equipment and supply of such posts in the fighting zone.



SPECTACULAR DEMONSTRATIONS ARE RUN OFF WITH A SENSE OF PERFECT TIMING TO IMPRESS ON OFFICER CANDIDATES THE IMPORTANCE OF PRECISION IN COMBAT OPERATIONS



CONDUCTED TOUR of assembly area in battle problem is given to students. They observe infantryman's cardinal mistake of hanging white towel, which will disclose position, on limb.



SAND TABLE is carefully explained to officer candidates. Down a hidden chute under the table tumbles a celluloid egg if the instructor's favorite joke does not go over well with the class.



ATTACK ON MOCK VILLAGE is a problem to determine how men as officers would lead platoons in an attack to clean up enemy positions. Students have to overcome psychological as well as military hazards for, besides avoiding booby traps, they must not get rattled if they set one off.



BOOBY TRAP EXPLODES with four students' trip over wire during problem. They are purposely directed toward such traps to see if they can continue to think clearly and give orders during excitement and protect themselves under fire as the candidate, Baton his face, is doing below.



O.C.S. CONTINUED

FIELD TRAINING



WORK IN FIELD includes this realistic exercise under fire, which alternate sections of each class work out before observing students and instructors. During it, men take command of squads, lead them across fields, through barbed wire to reach objectives. After it is over, they are criticized by instructors (bottom) and the other candidates.



DESTRUCTION OF JAP TANK PARK is simulated by candidates. They have had to make their way to it by compass bearings over miles of rough country. Now instructors are interested to see how different platoon commanders will handle the attack. There is no cut-and-dried method.

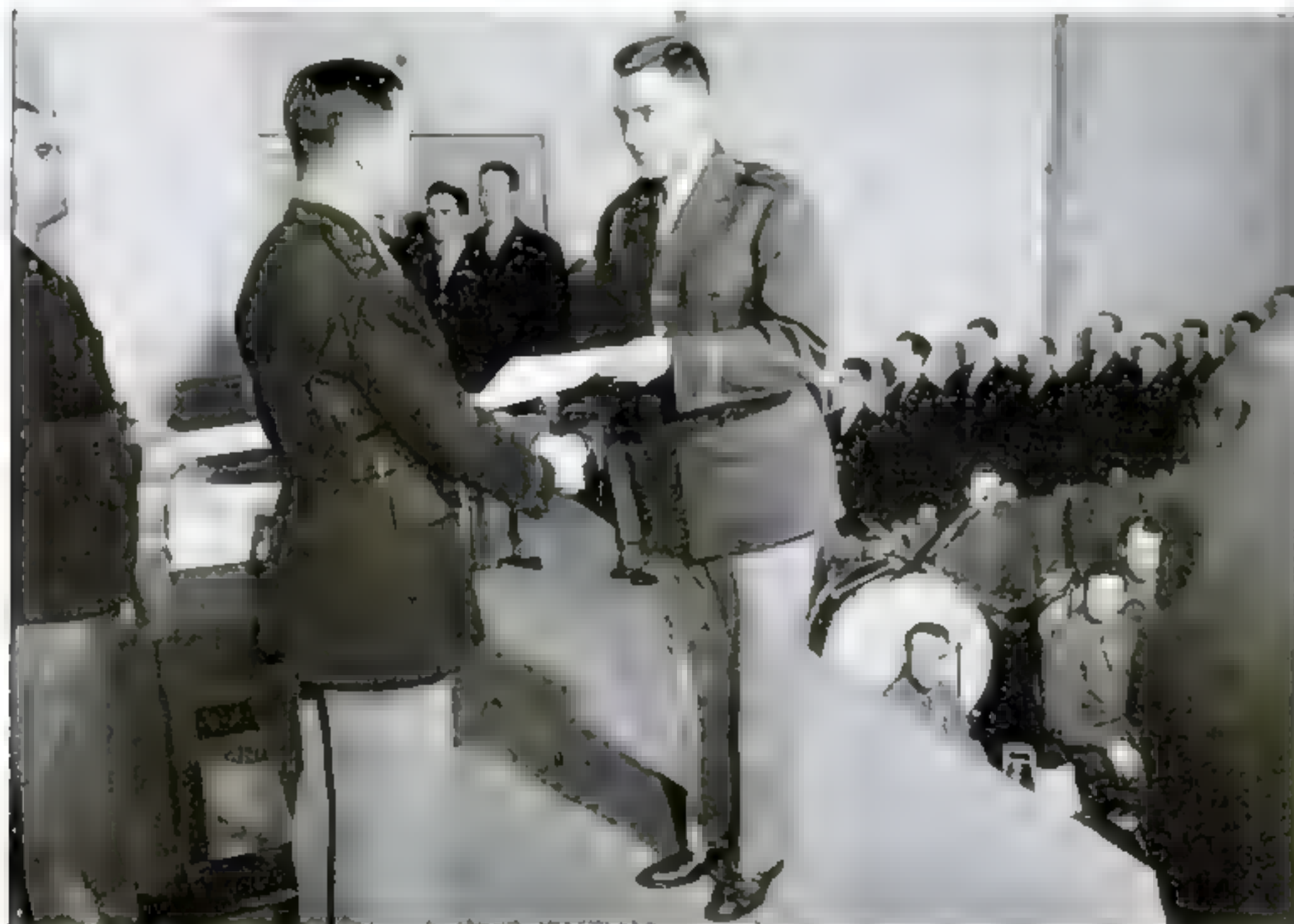
JAP COMMAND POST IS RAIDED and candidates turn to layonet "sniper" sliding down wire. Instructions here are to capture intelligence data and equipment like walkie-talkie on table. Field telephone rings at height of problem and some student always makes mistake of answering it.





DISCARDED BOXES that recently held officers' uniforms are a symbol of the life ahead for the successful candidates. Even now, after the tremendous pressure of their course, they are

unable to relax. The packed bags in background are ready to go with them to their new duties all over the world. But the men will never forget the tough days at Fort Benning.



COMMISSION AND CONGRATULATIONS are given by the Commandant to a graduating member of an O. C. S. class of The Infantry School at Fort Benning. After this, the whole class

takes oath of allegiance together (below). Then each member pins on the gold bars of a second lieutenant. Graduations are so common, little fuss is made over new officers.



O. C. S. CONTINUED

GRADUATION

GOLD BARS ARE GIVEN TO THOSE WHO WORK AND LEAD

At the end of the 13 weeks at the Officer Candidate School, only those men remain who have proved to the instructors and, more significantly, to their classmates that they meet the high standards of U. S. Army officers. The number of graduates in each class varies but generally it is a little more than two-thirds of those who entered. The others have been flunked along the line due mainly to two reasons—lack of leadership and insufficient educational background.

The Infantry School considers the absence of traits that will inspire men more serious than the lack of formal schooling in its candidates. From the moment they enter the school, when a reference record is made of their civilian and military backgrounds, constant efforts are made to discover and develop qualities of leadership. The students are never allowed to forget they are selected men and that they must now give orders as well as follow them. A student company is organized so that each member is given a chance to command it, taking turns as squad leader or platoon sergeant. Problems are set up in which men have to find their way to an objective in the dark and back again in a specified time. Good leaders, even when time is running short, will go on to the objective. Those who do not actually reach it but get back in the given time are criticized for not following through.

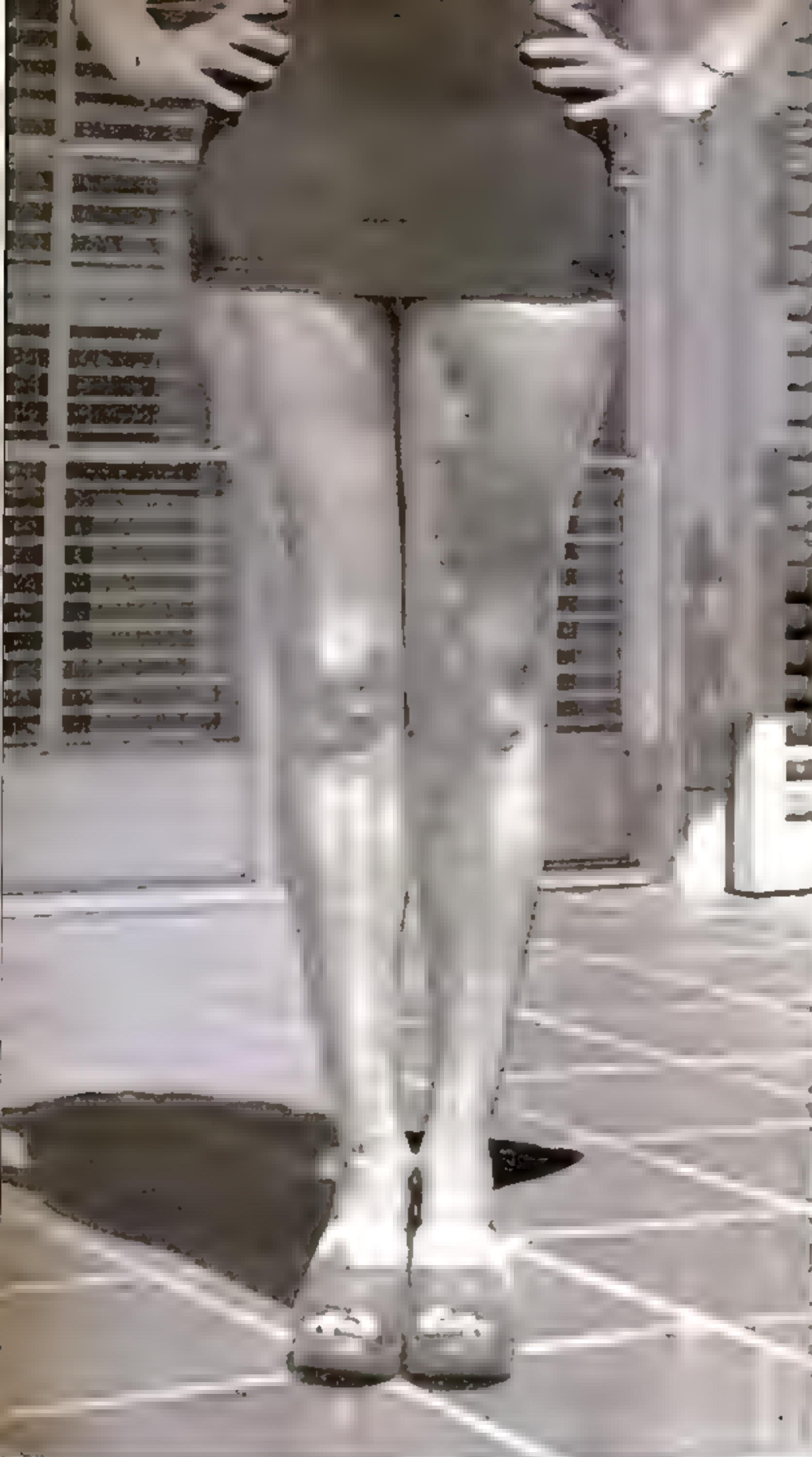
The most searching tests are those which come at the end of the fifth and eighth weeks, when the candidate must personally rate the members of his class and in turn be rated by them. Before they do this students are warned that their judgment in selecting men is under test and they will be graded on how they judge others. And they are impressed with the fact that an officer, who will have to advance non-coms and men from the ranks, must be able to cull the able from the inferior. After the first rating, in anticipation of the second test, most of the candidates are keeping "gig books" listing the mistakes they have noticed men making in classroom or field. These books are similar to those kept by instructors to rate students. Surveys of more than 200 classes show that candidates' and tactical officers' ratings are 83% in agreement and almost invariably the same men are picked for the top and bottom of the class.

After these ratings, the first weeding-out proceedings take place before a group of faculty members known as the "Thirty Day Board." All men whose work has been poor and whose ratings in leadership are low appear before this board to determine whether or not they should be allowed to continue the course. The board sometimes spends hours with one candidate, giving him simple problems in command and probing into his educational background in an effort to be fair in its decision. Mortality is high before the board but only those men are returned to the ranks who should never have left them in the first place.

The scholastic standings of men cause instructors much less trouble than the more abstract qualities of leadership. Generally a man is either mentally equipped for his job or not, with a few borderline cases either improving with help or becoming bad enough to justify flunking. By the time those who have passed stand on a stage with their coveted commissions in their hands, they have begun to realize many things. As a recent graduate puts it, "You've learned that a good platoon leader has to be a god and a daddy to his men and have had your first understanding of what discipline really is, but mostly you're mighty relieved that the 13 hardest weeks of your life are over."

A TYPICAL BENNING O. C. STUDENT
TAKES NOTES DURING FIELD PROBLEM





THE LEGS, FRONT. BETTY GRABLE HAS AN 18-IN. THIGH, 12-IN. CALF AND 7-IN. ANKLE



THE LEGS, BACK. THEY MEASURE 15 IN. FROM HIP TO KNEE, 14 1/2 IN. FROM KNEE TO ANKLE

BETTY GRABLE'S LEGS

They have now achieved the stature of a major Hollywood landmark

No one since Paavo Nurmi has traveled farther on a pair of legs than Betty Grable. Other actresses with handsome legs have also gone far, but Betty has made the leg her private trademark. Official confirmation of this may be seen at the left. Hollywood has created many such trademarks, and sentimentally preserves the most famous of them with impressions in concrete at Grauman's Chinese Theater. Betty's legs gained this honor just last February.

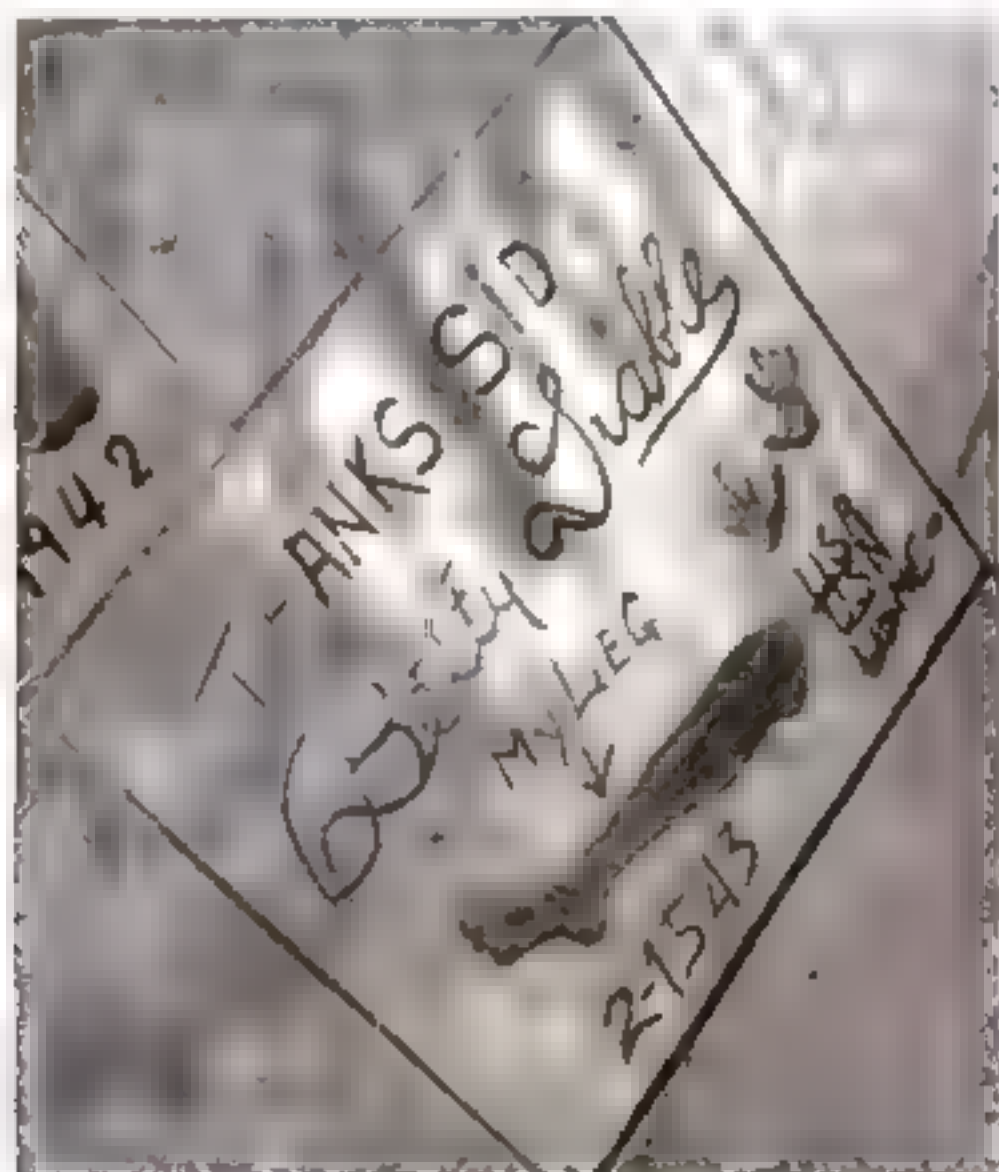
Among the trademarks at Grauman's are Joe E. Brown's mouth, Eddie Cantor's eyes, Bob Hope's nose and the late John Barrymore's profile. None of these is a commonplace feature. All are deviations from the norm of mouths, eyes, noses and profiles. Betty Grable's legs, however, have not attained fame by being unusual. They are The Great Average American Legs: straight, perfectly rounded and shaped, but withal

judged by the same standards as millions of others.

Although Betty's legs have been pillars of her career, they have sometimes obstructed its progress. When she first reached Hollywood they were so apparent that she was used only for publicity stills or in productions which needed legs for assistance. But after her success in the Broadway musical *Du Barry Was a Lady*, Hollywood made a better adjustment between the use of Betty's legs and her other talents.

Betty enjoys the fame of her legs, but with modesty. She says, "They seem to get me around the lot [20th Century Fox] all right," or, "They are fine for pushing the foot pedals in my car." She is more pleased with her 4B foot, a shoe size easy to obtain because it is generally used for samples.

Currently, Betty is appearing in *Coney Island*, a picture which features ten separate routines on her legs.



Impression of Betty's leg made in court of Grauman's Chinese Theater. "Thanks Sid" is addressed to Mr. Grauman.



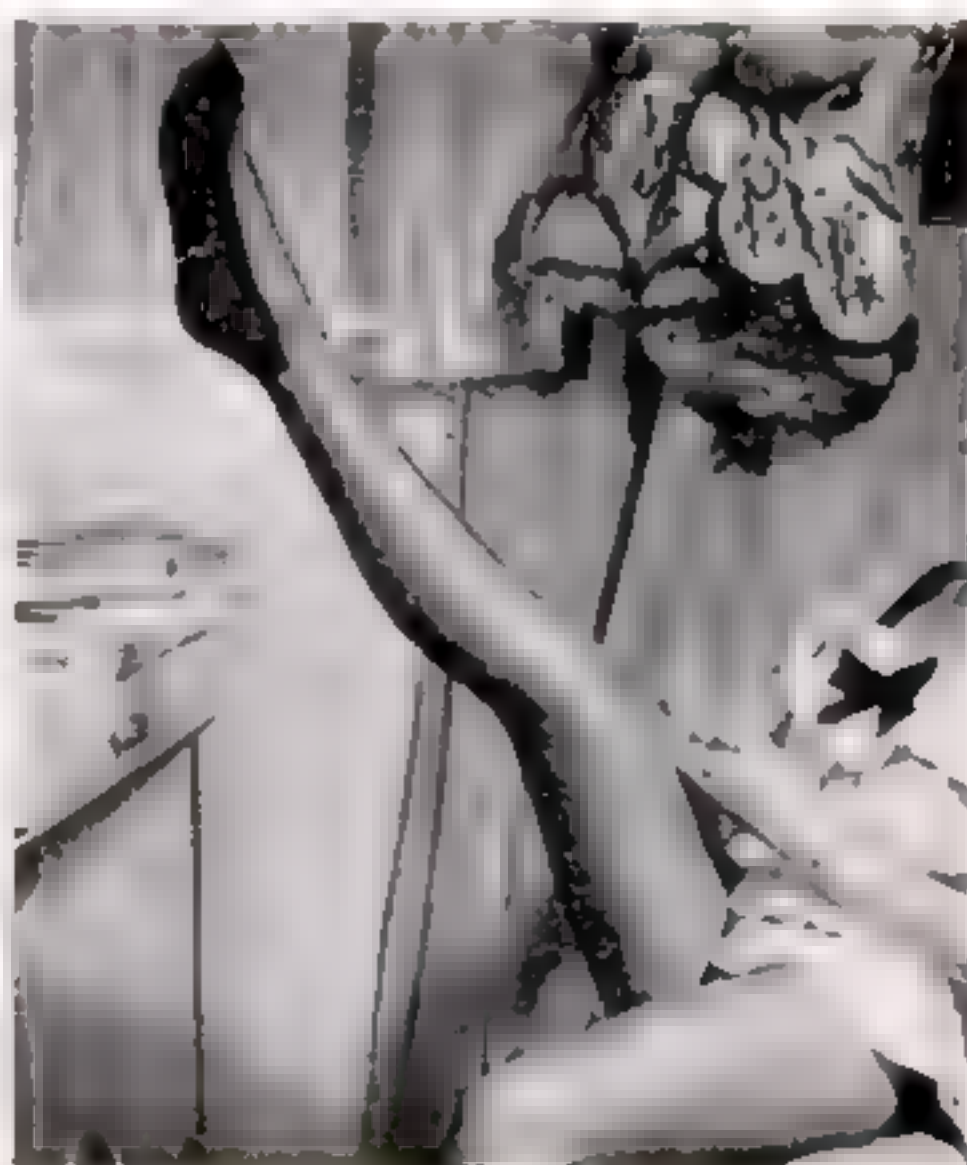
WHEN THEY ARE BENT GRACEFULLY AT THE KNEE, LEGS ASSUME PLEASING CONVEXITIES



FROM PROFILE THEY APPEAR STURDY, BUT DANCING HAS NOT MADE THEM MUSCULAR



The legs relaxing. Betty is athletic, but she does not have to take special exercises or massages to keep her figure shapely



In her dressing room at 20th Century-Fox studios Betty pulls on black mesh stockings for a scene that will feature the legs.



Betty poses the legs for a still shot on a studio beach set. She has made more such leg art stills than any other actress.

HOW NESCAFÉ CONSERVES COFFEE



Each pound of coffee used in the manufacture of Nescafé produces at least 20 more cups of the same strength than is produced by ordinary household methods. Here is why:

1. Nestlé's process extracts *all the good* from the coffee beans.
2. Nescafé's added carbohydrates "seal in" the flavor and aroma.
3. No waste! You make the exact amount you need. Almost all of today's Nescafé goes to our armed forces; but whether used on the home front or the fighting front . . . it makes precious coffee go much further.

A Nestlé product, composed of equal parts of skillfully brewed soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrin, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.



SAY DO WITH WAR BONDS

NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC., NEW YORK

U. S. A.

Prepared for Anything!



BUY
MORE
BONDS

BODYGARD UNDERWEAR

At the Nation's Service for 3 generations

To the superior equipment of America's fighting men, the nine Mills of the Utica Knitting Co. are proud to be able to contribute the major part of their underwear production.

UTICA KNITTING COMPANY

UTICA, N. Y.



Betty Grable's Legs (continued)



In the course of a day Betty's legs walk, climb stairs, dance and are generally flexed like other legs. Here the legs are shown as she prepares morning shower at home.



At a soda fountain during the day Betty allows legs to fend for themselves. A veteran trouper, she appeared in her first movie in 1930. Still she is only 26 years old.



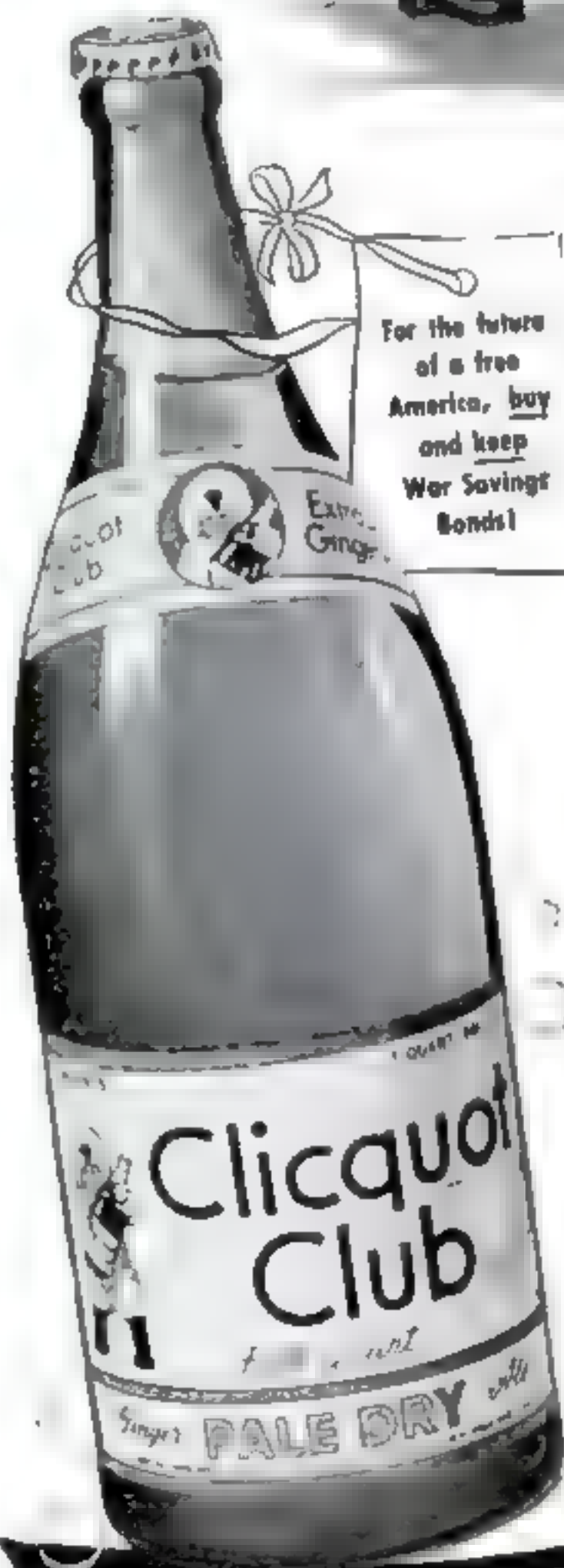
Going to studio in the morning, Betty steps into roadster. Once asked to comment on her hips, well displayed here, she said, "They're just where my legs hook on."



The legs at work on the set. They are clad in this costume in Betty's latest screen appearance, *Coney Island*, a picture which dwells on them at considerable length.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Sparkling flavor in every sip!



For the future of a free America, buy and keep War Savings Bonds!

ROMPING down from the Arctic to tickle your taste with a long, cool drink, the Clicquot Club Eskimo Boy has been the symbol of wholesome cheer for more than half a century. Pour Clicquot Club Ginger Ale into your glass. Watch the dancing bubbles rise. Then enjoy that matchless, tangy flavor—the taste delight that only Clicquot's famous flavor-aging process can produce. Here's a refreshing drink for the whole family—sparkling, tempting, delicious! Stock your refrigerator today with big, economical bottles of Clicquot Club—America's standard in ginger ale quality.

Clicquot Club

GINGER ALE

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

RISK DOUBLE DANGER BY BRUSHING DENTAL PLATES OR BRIDGES WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS



TOOTH PASTES, TOOTH POWDERS, soap and other makeshift cleaners—when used to brush dental plates—often scratch the denture material! These scratches cause odorous stains, film and food particles to

collect faster and cling tighter. And this accumulation—so hard to dislodge by brushing—holds the unpleasant odors that give you *Denture Breath*. Remember, you may not know you have *Denture Breath*, but others do!



DENTAL PLATES 60 TIMES SOFTER than natural teeth—proved by recent laboratory tests! If you've been brushing your plate with makeshift cleaners you may have worn down the delicate fitting ridges de-

signed to keep your plate in place. With these ridges worn away—no wonder your dental plate which fitted so well at first, has loosened up. If you continue this practice, you may ruin your denture completely.



NO BRUSHING, NO DANGER when you soak your plates in Polident. No worry about scratching or wearing down the plate. Yet, the daily Polident bath gets your plates sparkling clean and odor-free,

works into the crevices and corners that no amount of brushing with makeshift cleaners can reach. Polident is approved by many leading dentists and the leading makers of modern denture materials.



POLIDENT

The Safe, Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges



Betty Grable's Legs (continued)



Betty models a coat of her own design which features decorations of Army corps and rank insignia. Betty is one of the biggest pin-up favorites of servicemen everywhere.



In full-length portrait legs fall into a complete scheme. Betty's face, shown above, appears more frequently on the screen than her legs, but the legs carried it there.



CAROLEE'S RING—a beautiful diamond is set exactly like her mother's engagement ring. "I wanted it to be just the same," she said, "because Mother and Dad are the *happiest* people I know."

SHE'S ENGAGED!

Exquisite Carolee Arnold daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence F. Arnold of Newton, Illinois, engaged to Corporal Patrick Coldrick of New York City. They make a striking couple—Carolee, slim and blonde—Pat, dark-haired, handsome, tall. He is now at Fort Eustis, Va.



CAROLEE CAN BOSS A TRACTOR! Out on her father's big Illinois farms, Carolee has learned how to run the farm machinery with masculine ease—and feminine charm! "Dad's farms are in the Illinois corn belt," she says, "and this year I expect to be a land army girl and right on hand to help with the crops. I'll be counting on my Pond's Cold Cream more than ever to help me keep a soft-smooth face while I'm working in all that sun and wind!"

Today—more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

ENCHANTING is the word for Carolee Arnold! Whether she's gracing a social function in Washington, where her father served in Congress for 8 years, or whether she's getting right down to earth on one of the family's mid-west farms—her artless, chiseled beauty is captivating. Her pale gold hair is like cornsilk, her eyes azure blue, her complexion wild-rose sweet!

Carolee says she depends entirely on Pond's Cold Cream to help keep her skin dewy-fresh and soft.

This is her Pond's Beauty Care . . .

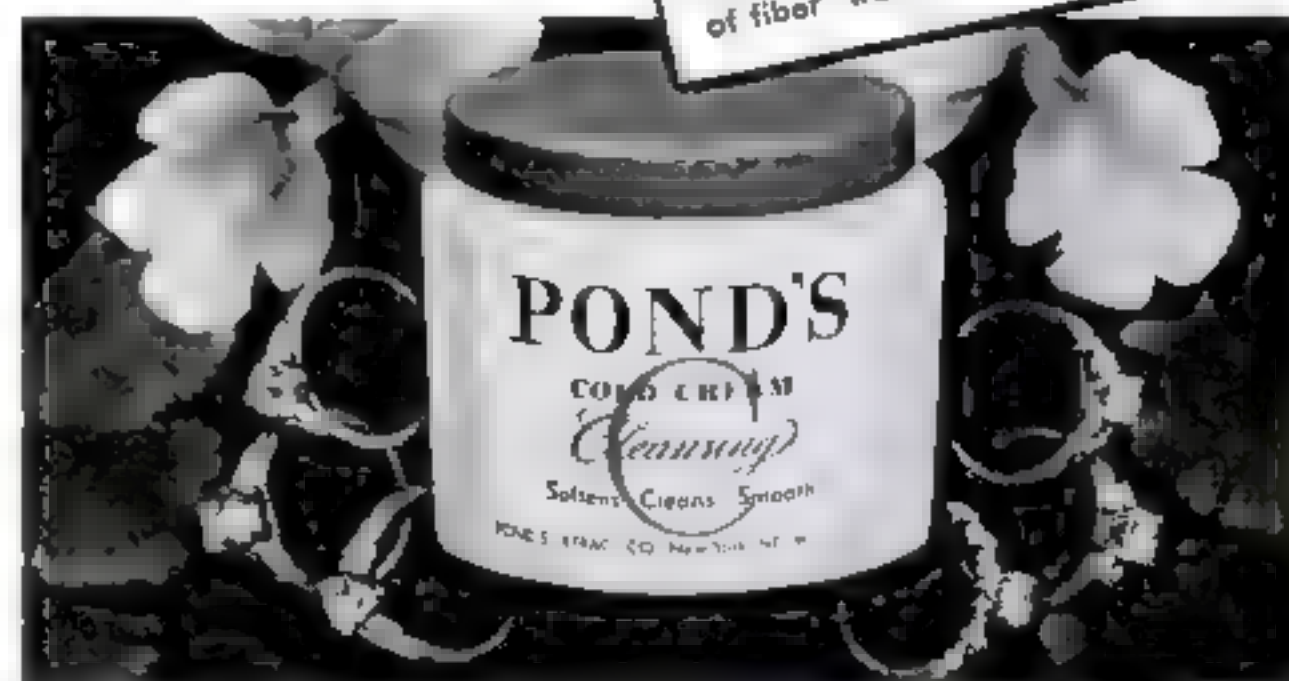
Every night and every morning she slides Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats with quick, gentle fingertips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues it all off. "Rinses" with more Pond's to make her skin *extra* soft and clean. Tissues off again. "My face feels just gorgeous—as fresh and clean as a breeze," she says.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream. Use Pond's yourself—every night and for daytime clean-ups! You'll love it, too. You'll soon see why war-busy society women like beautiful Mrs. Rodman de Heeren and Mrs. Charles Morgan Jr. are so devoted to this soft-smooth cream.

At your favorite beauty counter. All sizes are popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

*She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!*

"WAR CAP" COMING!
Save the cap of your present Pond's jar to use instead of fiber "war cap" coming!



CLOSE-UP



CAPTAIN FOSS WITH HIS MOTHER AND WIFE OUTSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE

JOE FOSS: NO. 1 ACE

WHAT HE LEARNED ON A DAKOTA FARM HELPED HIM DOWN 26 JAPS

by JOHN FIELD

If you read the newspapers, you know about Joe Foss. He is the Marine captain on Guadalcanal who shot down 26 Jap planes, setting a record for World War II and tying Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's record for World War I.

Foss was born on a small farm outside Sioux Falls, S. Dak., of Scotch-Norwegian-Irish parentage. In the prairie sun and the cold Dakota winters he grew strong and tough and good-natured. But in that simple life with its routine farm and school days were rooted the seeds of his greatness as a flier. This story is an attempt to draw the parallel

Oct. 25 was Joe's biggest day on Guadalcanal. He got three Japs in the morning, two more in the afternoon. The enemy planes came over early, their wings glinting sharply in the tropical sun. Down below, on Henderson Field, the coconut palms, kunai grass and slit trenches still dripped water from a heavy night rain. The fighter runways were soaked with mud. In their tent under the palms Joe and the other members of his gang, called the "Flying Circus," swapped jokes and talked of planes and tactics.

At 9 o'clock the alarm came. Jap Zeros were reported operating ahead of a big squadron of Jap bombers. This was to be a major attempt to regain control of Guadalcanal. Foss took the first U. S. Grumman Wildcat fighter off, throwing mud all over the field. Says he, "This was the damndest, wildest fight I ever got in. There were five of us against six of them, and they jumped us before we got altitude. At 1,500 feet the Japs, who had been circling the field outside our AA range, made a run on us. My radio could send but not receive, so I rode wing on Joe Palko. They didn't make another run until we had seesawed up to 7,000 feet. Then all hell broke loose. The dogfight turned into a twister with planes all over the sky—turning, diving, zooming in quick climbs. Grummans and Zeros each trying to get in that final blast."

All three of the Japs Foss got that morning were hit with incredibly difficult deflection shots. "Once one of them was coming down to make a pass at somebody else. I passed a Zero and headed over toward the first one. He kept going straight down, a long distance away, but I hit him on the side. The last Zero I got that morning was also damned near out of range. He went over toward the ocean and burst into flames over the channel."

"The reason we did so well was that we could shoot straighter than they could. . . ."

* * *

"Back on the farm, when I was a kid," Joe Foss remembers, "I always liked the autumn best. My brother Cliff and I would listen to Mother saying 'Be home for supper,' then we'd go off hunting. Probably we'd have some pals from town with us. 'Save your shells, boys, I'll get him,' I'd say, and everybody would laugh; but I'd get him. Cliff and I knew all the tricks. . . . And we never had to use more than two shots for any bird."

* * *

On Nov. 12 a big sea battle began off Guadalcanal. The Navy knew that Jap torpedo planes had

been ordered to attack a flotilla of U. S. destroyers.

That afternoon Foss's flight was at 29,500 ft. over Florida Island. "We hadn't sighted the Jap torpedo planes, but we were looking for them. Ahead of us was a big cloud bank miles up into the sky with its underside at about 22,000 feet. I figured the Japs were in that cloud, so we kept our eyes on it. But they must have been able to sneak out when we weren't watching, because when we saw 22 of them they were almost six miles below us at 500 feet, heading straight for our destroyers."

"So we pushed on over and headed down. Straight down. Like the damndest roller coaster you ever saw. For 29,000 feet. Our windshields frosted over and we had to scrape them off to see. They had Zeros up for high cover, and we went by those Zeros *zoomzoom*! We broke out of our dive to the rear of the torpedo bombers and raced up on them, still going like bats out of hell. We leveled off at 50 feet and went in shooting. I hit one bomber's right motor and set it afire. Without waiting to see it drop, I skidded to the left and caught another bomber. I got him in the left motor. We went through our own ships' AA fire like greased weasels, picking off the Japs one by one as we raced up on them. Only one of the 22 Japs got away. I could have blown him to hell because he was directly underneath me, but by that time I was out of ammunition and almost out of gas."

"What licked the Japs was that terrific dive from 29,000 feet. . . ."

* * *

"When I was in college," Joe Foss remembers, "I owned an old Chevrolet. Its motor sounded like a steam engine, its fenders didn't have any paint, the upholstery looked like a hobo's shirt. But it would go fast, and that's what counted. Spring afternoons the gang and I used to pile in and drive to Vermillion or Yankton or to a picnic down on the Sioux. Once I drove 425 miles in six hours. Another time I drove the Chevvie over a 12-foot street excavation in Chicago. Once in a while there'd be a broken fender, but nobody ever got hurt."

"Funniest of all was my uncle . . . the cop on the police force. He tried to stop me from driving through town at 60 miles an hour. Seemed to object to my standing on the running board, holding onto the wheel with one hand. But he never caught me."

* * *

On Guadalcanal, after the long hours of flying, the boys would gather in Joe's tent for a drink. Nearby Marine artillery fired at Japs in the hills, and the bursting crunch blended with the buzz of mosquitoes around their ears. They played cards, shot craps, read over worn letters from home. But mostly they talked—long, profane, sentimental conversations about home and war and hunting. Joe especially talked.

With Gregory Loesch he talked about hunting in Colorado; with Bill Freeman about hunting in the Big Bend country. With Oscar Bate he talked about the day when Bate would come to visit him on the ranch he was going to buy after



"Mae West" life preserver which 28-year-old Captain Joe Foss is wearing here saved his life when he crashed into the water after downing three Jap planes in a single engagement.



"Me and my boys." Captain Foss (third from left) poses with his fellow fliers beside the Grumman Wildcat which he flew at Guadalcanal. Below, Foss sports a mustache and goatee



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Remember Dad
WITH THE TIES HE ALWAYS BUYS

FATHER'S DAY
June 20th



NOW—MORE THAN EVER . . . GIVE
ORIGINAL 4FOLD NO LINING

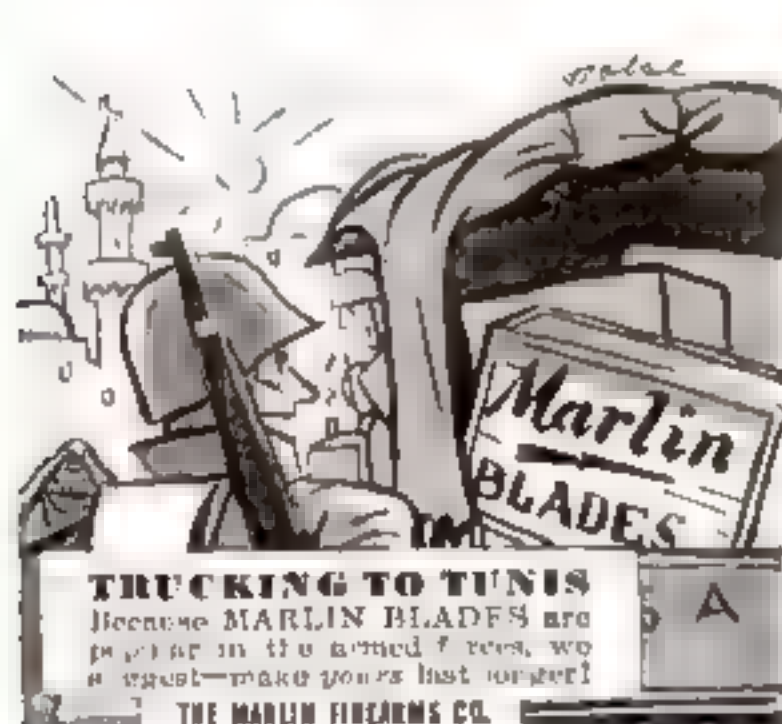
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\$1.00



Aged two and a half, Joe Foss (right) sits for a photograph with his brother Clifford. At the age of six months Joe won first place in a Sioux Falls "perfect baby" contest.

CAPTAIN JOE FOSS (continued)

the war. With Squadron Leader Duke Davis he talked about changes and improvements in the Grumman fighter.

With all of them he would have a drink.

"Joe could drink with any of us," they say. "But like the rest of us, he had enough sense not to drink too much. None of us wanted to get killed the next day. But drinking relaxed our nerves and helped us sleep. It was hot, there were bugs everywhere, and the Japs bombed us every day. Money didn't mean anything, but whisky was important in our lives. It sold for \$100 a quart."

* * *

"The gang hung out at Tolley's gas station down at the corner of 10th and Dakota," Joe Foss remembers, "when we were in college . . . Dewey Corning, Don Forney, Bill Brooks, Don Erickson, and little Herb Creighton. We'd park our cars there and sit around and talk . . . about the girls in school, about hunting and flying. I'd begun to take lessons out at the city airport by then."

"Sometimes there'd be the Crystal Cafe, a few beers, and a night club down in the tough section of town. Maybe a fight and black eyes. But mostly we were a peaceful gang . . . full of silly jokes. I still laugh about the Mohammedan. One of the boys had a date with a dark-complexioned girl. She looked like a Mohammedan to me. So next day the boys held up traffic on Dakota while I prayed to Allah in the middle of the block. It wasn't very funny but it got a laugh."

* * *

Botanically, meteorologically and zoologically speaking, Guadalcanal is an exciting place. The air is the temperature of blood. One minute it is clear and bright, the next filled with driving rain. Flying fish skim over the coastal waters, sharks infest the reefs, and alligators sun themselves in the rivers. Armies of millions of ants climb up and down the trees. There are butterflies the size of birds, and spiders that spin webs as thick as chewing gum. In the dense tops of the trees hang bats.

In the jungle itself are hundreds of kinds of palms, the elephant ears of the taro, banana trees and papayas. Brightly colored birds of every species fly back and forth between the branches.

On Guadalcanal, no flier took more of an interest in the weather, the plants and the birds than Joe Foss. He learned all their names, how to identify them at a distance, which were poisonous and which were good to eat. Says he, "There were all kinds of parrots—the white cockatoos and green ones with yellow heads, red ones with black heads, black ones with red heads—every kind you can imagine. They used to squawk and screech in the hills at night. They got so they'd go back up in the hills when we were being bombed, but they'd come back and perch way up high in the trees."

* * *

"When I was a little kid about 8," Joe Foss remembers, "I had to start getting up early in the morning to do chores. Just at daylight is when the birds sing their best, and I got so I could recognize them all—the robin, the thrush, meadowlarks and the rest. I could



The farm home of Foss family, where Joe grew up, is near Sioux Falls, S. D. To pay for part of his early flying lessons Foss sold 20 acres of inherited farm land to his brother.

imitate their songs . . . and I knew more about the flowers and bushes and trees than any other kid in school. Some of the other kids used to razz me for it, but I didn't care. Miss Newkirk, the principal, used to say I was a dreamer and that 'my legs were too long for my seat.' Mother thought that was funny."

* * *

Says Joe about his arrival on Guadalcanal, "We got there just after a bombing raid. The island looked like one of those tropical islands in a Dorothy Lamour picture—only she was missing

"At first we wished there was something to shoot at—but later we were glad there hadn't been. We learned a lot from the oldtimers. When you first get there, you're young and eager. You think you're going to be hot stuff. The oldtimers don't say much. They figure you'd think they were just trying to show off. If you ask them, they'll tell you. They give you answers that make you think it over

"About fighting itself, there's no way you can tell people about it. You can see all the hot war pictures and artists can tear their paint brushes apart trying to get it, but they can never really put it across. All the big adjectives don't do any good.

"But it changes you all over. Things you used to worry about just aren't important. Like if you're going to get a haircut or whether you get a five-buck raise."

There was a saying around Henderson Field that no flier was a Christian until he had tangled with a Zero. On Joe's first three flights he did not even see a Jap. His eyes were not yet adapted to seeing things clearly far off in the air. He was eager to get a shot at a Jap, and quickly felt discouraged. Once he flew right over a squadron of Jap bombers and never saw them. The oldtimers said, "Don't let that worry you. It's always like that at first. You'll see 'em. And you'll be a Christian . . . if you get back alive."

Says Foss, "On the fourth trip up, I said I'm going to get me one today. I led the second flight, with Major Duke Davis leading the first. As we taxied down the fighter strip, a flight of Jap bombers was coming in an east-west direction at about 24,000 feet. I saw them all right but, as it turned out, I saw the wrong ones. I was looking at the bombers above me when suddenly there was a bunch of Zeros above the clouds. I didn't see them. My boys went by and waved at me, and I thought they were just overjoyed at seeing the bombers but later I found out they were trying to warn me.

"The first thing I knew, one of the Zeros was on my tail. The bird came by like a freight train and gave me a good sprinkling. I figured I'd get him so I gave him a short burst and down he went. I'd pulled up to get him, so I was going pretty slow when along came three more little Jappies right on top of me. They shot me all to pieces. I don't know how I got out . . . went under 'em, I guess. They chased me right back to the field."

As Joe approached the field, with his oil cooler shot up, he had no power, and when he came in on a dead-stick landing he was doing 150 knots, 150 ft. above the end of the field. Less than 90 knots was considered safe for such an approach. An ambulance was rushed out and all his flight members were sure he would crash into the trees. But somehow, by incredible luck and tenacity, he managed to slip down and stop just short of disaster.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Pheasant shooting on the farm was a family affair. Here Joe stands next to his father who taught him to hunt. Joe began with a slingshot, used a shotgun at the age of 8.

CAPTAIN JOE FOSS (continued)

Joe stepped out of the plane flustered, wild and cursing the Japs. An oldtimer said, "Well, Joe, are you a Christian now?" "You're damned right," was the answer.

* * *

"Luck and guts," Joe Foss remembers, "were all that saved us on the farm during the drought. Dad died in the fall of '33. He was coming home from the fields at night and stumbled over an electric wire torn down by a storm. We had a good farm—300 acres with 150 pigs, some cows, chickens and plenty of corn and oats. The house is up on a little hill with a nice view in all directions.

"But it was tough going after Dad died. It was the very next year the big dust storms started—in '34, and they kept on in '35. The crops and stock all died. Even the box elders died. Out in the yard you could wade in silt up to your knees.

"But we pulled through, somehow. I remember Mother after it was all over, sitting in the living room close to the old potbellied stove, looking up at the family pictures on the walls. There were more lines on her face but her arms were still muscular. And she was cheerful. She said, 'There'll be rain next year.' There was."

* * *

Teamwork was what counted on Guadalcanal. "It's like a football team," says Foss. "The team may have a star, but the star won't get very far if he doesn't have help from the rest of the boys. Our whole flight shot down 72 planes while we were in the South Pacific, and every one of them represented teamwork.

"The first chance we had to work as a team came a few days after I had shot down my second Jap. Cruising along at 19,000 feet on a patrol mission, we spotted a couple of Zeros dead ahead of us. They had elevation so we started to climb. We knew from what the oldtimers had said that these Zeros were most likely bait. They were there to pull us in on an attack and, as soon as we went for them, a flock of hidden Zeros would drop from high cover and pick us off like swallows on a phone wire.

"We took the bait and headed in. Above and behind us, though, we kept a sharp lookout for the high-cover Zeros. We saw them just as they broke into the clear, three or four thousand feet above us, coming down fast. We didn't sit there like fish in a barrel like they expected us to. We made a sharp turn instead and headed for them. They opened fire, but they were too far away. We waited until their dive brought them closer, then we opened up. Our fire scared them and they over-dove us. Then, as soon as they had passed, we cut right back at the "bait" Zeros, dove a little for speed and headed right for them, diving until they were only a little more than 50 yards away. They pulled up and we got them with belly shots. It was wonderful to watch them drop.

"Teamwork is what won for us. . . ."

* * *

"I was trying to make the college basketball team," Joe Foss remembers, "but no matter how hard I worked, I was just too clumsy to be an athlete. All I could do was follow the team around the state, rooting as hard as I could.

"Once they were in the finals of a state tournament. It was a cold winter night, but the gang piled into my car and we drove a hundred miles through a blizzard to see the game. As soon as we

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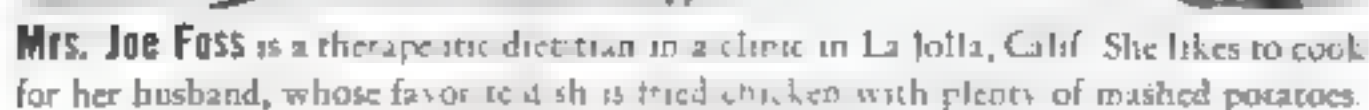
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MOTHPROOFS FOR
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CAPTAIN JOE FOSS (continued)

see were squalls, especially over the islands. These storms were dark and looked too nasty for me with a bum engine. By then, too, I wasn't even sure which island was which.

"There was a big cloud ahead and instead of going to the right, I went to the left. That threw me off completely. Finally the motor conked. Fortunately I was at 13,000 feet and had plenty of altitude for a long slow glide toward an island which was off to my left. I didn't know what island it was, whether it was friendly or not, but I did know that my only chance was to get as close to it as I could before hitting the water.

"When I hit, the storm had broken and it was raining hard. The plane went down like a rock. I had forgotten to undo the leg buckles of my parachute and my right leg was jammed under the seat. With the whole ocean pouring into the cockpit, somehow I undid the buckles and wrenched my leg out. But for what seemed like a long, long time I was underwater.

"Finally the inflated Mae West jacket shot me to the surface and I began swimming toward a point of land maybe five miles off. To keep sharks away, I broke the bottle of chloride I had in my pocket. But I didn't seem to be getting closer to land. And I had swallowed a lot of salt water.

"Then after I'd been in the water maybe three hours, I saw dimly in the distance a few canoes approaching. They headed straight for me, but nobody in them was saying a word. I didn't know whether they were friendly natives, Americans, or Japs, so I kept quiet too. One of the men in one of the canoes had a lantern, but he stayed off to my left, searching empty water with the beam from his light. I waited and waited and waited. I wasn't going to let any Japs pick me up.

"Finally somebody called out in English, 'Look over here.' Now I knew. At least they weren't Japs. So as loud as I could, I yelled right back, 'Yeah, right here!' The natives in one of the nearby boats were so frightened they almost fell overboard. They wouldn't come near me.

"At last, though, the man with a lantern came over and shone it right in my face to get a good look at me. The natives stood by with big clubs, in case I was a Jap. But I yelled as loud as I could, in English. The man with the lantern, who turned out to be an Australian sawmill owner, roared back that he was damned glad to see me. Later I learned that the natives had seen the plane go down and had run over to give him the alarm. He had organized a searching party and had saved my life.

"On the way in, after they had loaded me into a canoe, we passed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11



Foss's widowed mother is 64 but still does a man's work on her 300-acre farm. Sitting by his picture in farmhouse living room, she reads a homecoming telegram from Joe.

WASH THAT TIRED, RED-EYED LOOK AWAY!

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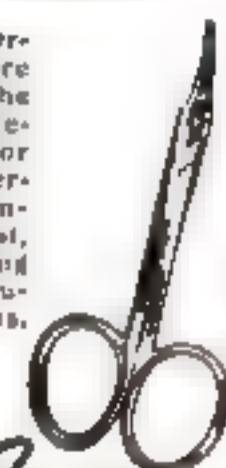
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With most doctors having to ration their time today and almost every hospital full to capacity—are you prepared for a possible home delivery . . . have you got things organized to take good care of your baby and yourself with the minimum of help—medical, nursing and domestic?

5 Basic Things you will want to do

1. Have supplies ready for an emergency . . . to use if you are unable to get admission to a hospital; in case of early or premature delivery or illness.

2. For 2-3 weeks after your baby is born get the maximum amount of rest possible. Your body *must* have time to get back to normal. If you cannot stay in the hospital and extra help at home is not available—plan to "let things go." Housework, your family, and visitors, no matter how well loved, are secondary in importance to your body's need for rest.

3. Food is your baby's first need. Your doctor will decide whether you can nurse him, whether he must be bottle-fed or partly nursed and partly bottle-fed. In any case you will need to know the hygienic procedure to be followed. The properly fed baby is far less likely to require a doctor's care. Because of the shortage of medical service today, this is more important than ever.

4. The doctor will see that everyone who enters the room during your delivery wears a mask to protect you and your baby from infection. Later you will wear a mask whenever you nurse or do anything for your baby—if you have a cold. No one with any kind of nasal infection should be allowed to come into the room with your baby.

5. Plan your baby's day. Find the best routine for your baby—he will probably be happier if you establish regular habits . . . first for bathing, eating and sleeping—later, when he begins to sit up, you will want to start training him in regular bathroom habits. The less nursing and domestic help you can count on, the more imperative it is for you to stick to a health-saving, time-saving schedule.



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You can make your doctor's job—and your own—easier! For complete information on How to Prepare Your Room for Emergency Use, Rest After Birth, Health Advantages of Nursing Your Baby, Prevention of Respiratory Infection by the Mask, Time-Saving Schedules, Teaching Bathroom Habits—write for the 32-page booklet: *Helpful War-time Suggestions on Mother and Baby Care*. Address the Scott Paper Co., Dept. 17, Chester, Pa.



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Don't let anyone pass on to your baby "just a cold." If it is impossible to keep a person with a cold out of your baby's room, insist on

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CAPTAIN JOE FOSS (continued)

the peninsula toward which I had been swimming. Right behind it was stagnant water full of alligators.

"That night I slept in a Catholic Mission and had a dinner with fresh steak, yams and goat's milk. In the evening I sat around talking to the padres and the sawmill owner. In the morning I woke up to hear singing. It came from church and it was Sunday."

* * *

"It was a funny place to get serious," Joe Foss remembers, "—the music room of the new shiny high school. I was in college then, but for the dedication of the new high school Mr. Thompson, the band director, had asked a few of us alumni to play with the high-school band in a special concert. In high school I had played alto sax.

"I saw her first at rehearsal. She was plump and blond, and her lips were curled over the mouthpiece of her tenor sax. She looked funny in that position but I vowed I'd meet her. Her name was June Shaksstad.

"I met her all right, and I told the boys she was my girl and the rest of them let her alone. I hung around her house, took her on rides in my car and in the spring and fall we went on picnics together. We had a lot of laughs and a lot of fun. She'd laugh about how clumsy I was, and I'd kid her about her ambition to be a dietitian. Then there were football games at the University, dances in the spring and all that.

"Once, after I'd graduated from college and gone down to Pensacola, first as a flying student, then as an instructor, June came down to visit. We had a good time and it was swell to see her, but she didn't like it very much. She didn't like the prospect of being a Marine wife, right away at least, and wouldn't marry me. But the moonlight on those long beaches west of Pensacola was really beautiful.

"It was different when I came to San Diego, just before going overseas. June was finishing her training as a dietitian in Los Angeles and I got her to say she'd marry me. I knew I didn't have much time. Our squadron was about to go, so we were married on August 9, right after her graduation. Mother and the Shaksstads came on from Sioux Falls. The reception was held at the Nurses' Home where June was planning to live while she worked at the Scripps Clinic in La Jolla and I was away. I wanted to spike the punch but it was against the rules.

"All that was just last year, but it seems like a long time ago. We had less than three weeks together before I went overseas. That's why it was important for that sawmill operator, on that God-forgotten South Sea island, to save my life."

* * *

Last month Joe Foss came back to the U. S. and flew to Washington where June met him. He was feted there and in New York, and given a tremendous parade and ovation in Sioux Falls. At present he is on a speaking tour of the country. The malaria which grounded him at Guadalcanal is almost gone. Since his return President Roosevelt has awarded him the Congressional Medal of Honor "for aerial combat achievement unsurpassed in this war."

But none of these honors means as much to Joe as the Distinguished Flying Cross he received on Guadalcanal the day after his rescue. "We just went down there in our flight clothes early in the morning, so it would not interfere with our flight schedules. General Vandegrift and Admiral Halsey were there. The Admiral gave me my medal and some other boys were awarded the Navy Cross. Halsey gave his speech of 'Fight, Men, Fight,' and that was all. A few minutes later we took off again."

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THE PARENTS OF

**ACE MARINE
CAPT. JOSEPH FOSS**

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25

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MAKES CARS SPARKLE!



Which comes first — Your second helping? or our second front?

You want to see this war won—and won quickly. You want to see it carried to the enemy with a vengeance. Okay—so do all of us. But just remember . . .

A second front takes food . . . food to feed our allies in addition to our own men.

Which do you want—more meat for you, or enough meat for them? An extra cup of coffee on your breakfast table, or a full tin cup of coffee for a fighting soldier?

Just remember that the meat you don't get—and the coffee and the sugar that you don't get—are up at the front lines—fighting for you.

Would you have it otherwise?

CHEERFULLY CO-OPERATING with rationing is one way we can help to win this war. But there are scores of others. Many of them are described in a new free booklet called "You and the War," available from this magazine. Send for your copy today! Learn about the many opportunities for doing an important service to your country. Read about the Citizens Defense Corps, organized as part of Local Defense Councils. Choose the job you're best at, and start doing it! You're needed—now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER



CENTRAL PARK IS HEAVEN FOR A SAILOR AND HIS GIRL



BOB GRINS WITH GRIM RESIGNATION AS FLORENCE THREATENS TO RUN THEM AGROUND



FLORENCE (RIGHT) IS STILL LOOKING FOR TROUBLE AS SHE STARTS A WATER FIGHT

Life Goes Boating with Sailors and their Girls

On a Sunday afternoon Bob and Therri take Ann and Florence for a row on New York's Central Park Lake

Central Park in New York performs a particularly useful wartime service—it is a place for sailors to go on leave where they feel very much at home. On a warm evening in spring they wander contentedly for miles along its green paths where there is a fresh, earthy smell to the air, and the companionable small noises made by birds and squirrels sound much more friendly than subways and screeching taxicabs. Invariably they are drawn to the lake where, for 37c an hour, they can rent a flat-bottomed boat and shake the feeling of strangeness that comes with being alone in the city with time to kill. Weekends the boats are filled with sailors, the *pom-pom rouges* of the French bobbing gaily alongside the jaunty white caps of the British and Americans.

A few Sundays ago Seamen Therri Henselman and Bob Graves, just out of Great Lakes Naval Training Station, met up with Ann Barbarett and Florence Singer, New York high-school girls who had come to hear Frank Sinatra sing on the Mall. The boys persuaded them to go boating, and in the course of an hour, while the boys tried

to teach the girls to row with much rocking of the boat, they became well acquainted.

Therri, who lives in Kansas, is away from home for the first time in his 17 years. He and Ann got along fine (opposite page) as soon as he found she wasn't a jitterbug and he confessed he "hadn't took a fad at it yet." He never went out with girls before he joined the Navy but now he meets lots of them. Bob, on the other hand, has a steady girl friend in Madison, Wis. named Jane. He was a little worried over her reaction to pictures of him going boating with Florence. He is intensely fond of the Navy, telling Florence "I'd don't get in, I joined!"

The boys had been in town about four days, restlessly awaiting their first big assignment on convoy duty. They were not eager to take leave of Ann and Florence after their pleasant hour on the lake was up, so they climbed rocks and explored hidden paths overhung with spring blossoms, and stopped at the cafeteria in the zoo for something to eat. When they parted at about 6 o'clock the four exchanged addresses and made a date to go roller skating the following week—if the boys were still here.



THERRI PRETENDS TO JOSTLE ANN OVERBOARD INTO LAKE



ANN GETS HER PRETTY DRESS SPLASHED DURING ROUGHHOUSE



LIPSTICK OF CONCILIATORY KISS IS REMOVED



**You're even more appealing
in a night-cap, Mr. Walker**

EACH SIP of Johnnie Walker reveals a whisky that's smooth... a flavour that's richly distinctive. But see for yourself why this superb scotch is a top favourite. Begin... now... to step ahead with Johnnie Walker.

**JOHNNIE
WALKER**

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

**BLACK LABEL
12 YEARS OLD**

Both
86.8 proof

**RED LABEL
8 YEARS OLD**



BORN 1820...
still going strong



Canada Dry Ginger Ale Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer

Life Goes Boating in Central Park (continued)



"You're coming along!" warns Therri as Ann tries a bit of monkey business on the edge of the lake. He has spread his coat over the rock to protect her new red one.



Never still for long, Florence is up and after Bob again. Someone in the party is in for a drenching unless they call a halt. Hunger provides a natural solution (below).



At the outdoor cafeteria near the zoo, the boys treat their girls to hotdogs and Cokes. Florence (center) hardly stops a steady stream of conversation long enough to eat.



Patent-leather pumps like a beating as Ann tries to pick her way daintily among the rocks. She and Florence, to say the least, were unprepared for a hiking expedition.



Ambitious to fly Florence is about to see how it feels from the bridge. Both girls are studying stenography, want to get married in three years, when they are 19.



Worn out with scuffling, Florence snuggles on Bob's shoulder. Therri is happy to sit quietly with Ann and talk about the farm at home, his parents and two sisters.

YELLO-BOLE






Full Bent Imperial, \$1.50
Actual size of pipe 5"

the honey-cured smoke

Just pick it up and smoke it. You'll be astonished that you don't have to "break it in." Honey, in the bowl, has done that for you, already. No waiting for it to become fit to smoke, as with some pipes. The honey keeps on mellowing your smoke, too—a Yello-Bole stays sweet continuously as thousands of pipe-smokers will testify. Talk it over with the man who smokes a pipe, and get his recommendation of Yello-Bole.



YELLO-BOLE  STANDARD \$1
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THE SUIT THAT'S "REFRIGERATED by NATURE"

"Nor-East" is different from any other summer suit you ever wore . . . it is actually cool to the touch—as cool as a frosted drink!

This unusual fabric is woven in England—an ingenious blend of heat-repelling Angora mohair and wear-resisting Australian worsted; imported and tailored by America's foremost maker of summer clothes . . . at better clothiers everywhere—in light, dark, and pastel shades.

Priestley's
IMPORTED

NOR-EAST

TAILORED FOR READY-TO-WEAR EXCLUSIVELY BY L. GREIF & BRO. BALTIMORE

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

ZENITH AND NADIR

Sirs:

Whatever else may be said either for or against the enclosed picture, it must be admitted that it at least possesses the virtue of inclusiveness. For here in one photograph are the highest and lowest points in the U. S. Death Valley is 279.6

ft. below sea level, while Mount Whitney, whose snowcapped ridges loom in the background, is 14,501 ft. high.

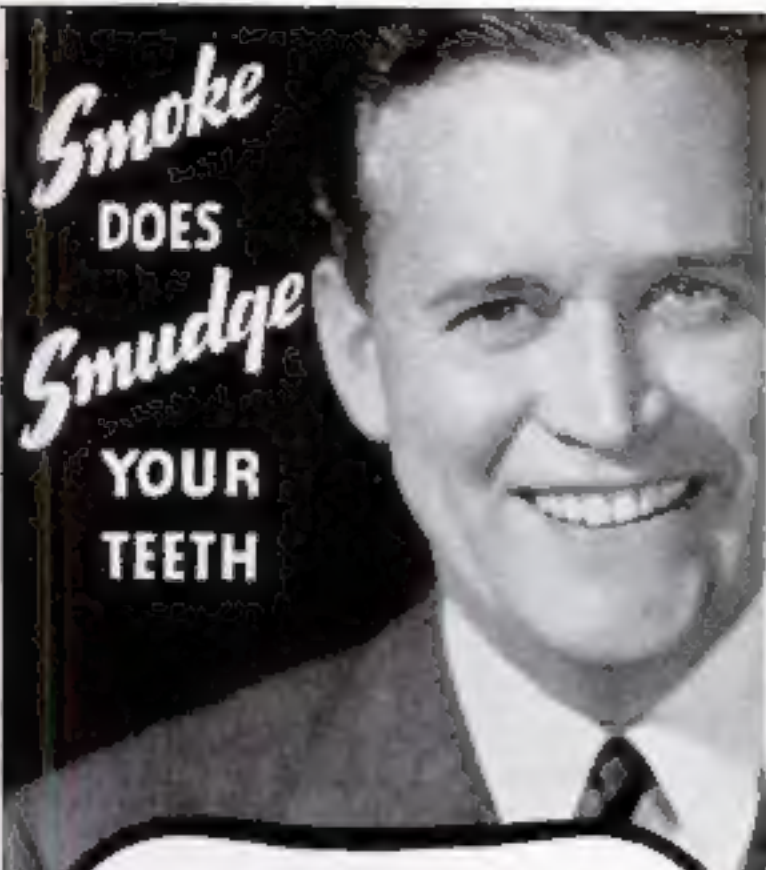
KIRK STEPHENS

New York, N. Y.



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YOUR
TEETH**



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Highly refreshing to use and especially effective on Hard-to-Bryten teeth.



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Keep dogs away from gardens, shrubs, evergreens. You don't see it... don't smell it, but dogs do and keep away. Won't dissolve in rain. Send no money. Order C.O.D. \$1 plus postage (or send \$1, we pay postage.) Sudbury Laboratory, 134 Dutton Rd., So. Sudbury, Mass.

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Broken Furniture can often be repaired quickly with P. W. Handles like putty, hardens like wood. At Paint, Hardware, 10¢ Stores



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"COOK-STOVE" in a VEST POCKET? Yes, Sir!... and FUEL TOO!

Want a cheery fire, fast? Light a HEATAB! Wet or dry it gives instant flame, long-burning, intense heat outdoors, indoors... for cooking, camping, picnics, hunting, fishing, starting furnaces, stoves or grates fires. Countless other uses by housewives, doctors, nurses, dentists, chemists, industrial workers, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Red Cross and Civilian Defense workers. Needed in First Aid and Emergency Kits. Carried by armed forces to heat combat rations. Solid, compact, non-poisonous. NO SMOKE, SOOT, FUMES or ASH!

SPECIAL OFFER: COLLAPSIBLE STOVE (fits vest pocket) included with TWO LARGE BOXES OF HEATABS only \$1.00 postpaid... ORDER BY MAIL, TODAY!

J. W. SPEAKER CORPORATION
1607 N. Water Street Milwaukee, Wis.

HEATABS TABLETS OF concentrated HEAT

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE

Sirs:

On May 12 of this year the Waco (Texas) Times-Herald published a photo (top picture below) and stated it to be a 14-year-old Greek victim of Hitler cruelty. The thought behind it was undoubtedly all right.

I photographed a very similar subject in Bombay, India, in June 1942. At that time he was a street beggar (one of thousands) and his price was four annas per pose.

Comparing my snapshot (bottom) with the "news" photo, notice the similarity of pose, body structure, clothing (or lack of same), scar on right side, strap over shoulder and tin can in hand. Also the ears.

A/C T. J. STILBERT

Waco, Texas



Ever drop a depth charge?

Chances are, Mr. Civilian, that you've never been present when a depth charge trapped some lurking Axis submarine. The odds against your being there in person are long, but you can do your share by... thoughtful buying.

Thoughtful buying is another civilian means of providing our fighting men with the weapons of war. It means that you won't buy things unless you really need them... and then you'll purchase only the best and longest-lasting products you can find. You'll take good care of everything you get, for that puts an end to needless replacement. It saves materials and labor. It helps put America's industrial facilities... right on the firing line!

Naturally, thoughtful buying will save you many dollars in the long run. We suggest that you invest this extra cash in War Bonds... you'll get it back with interest for important post-war purchases.



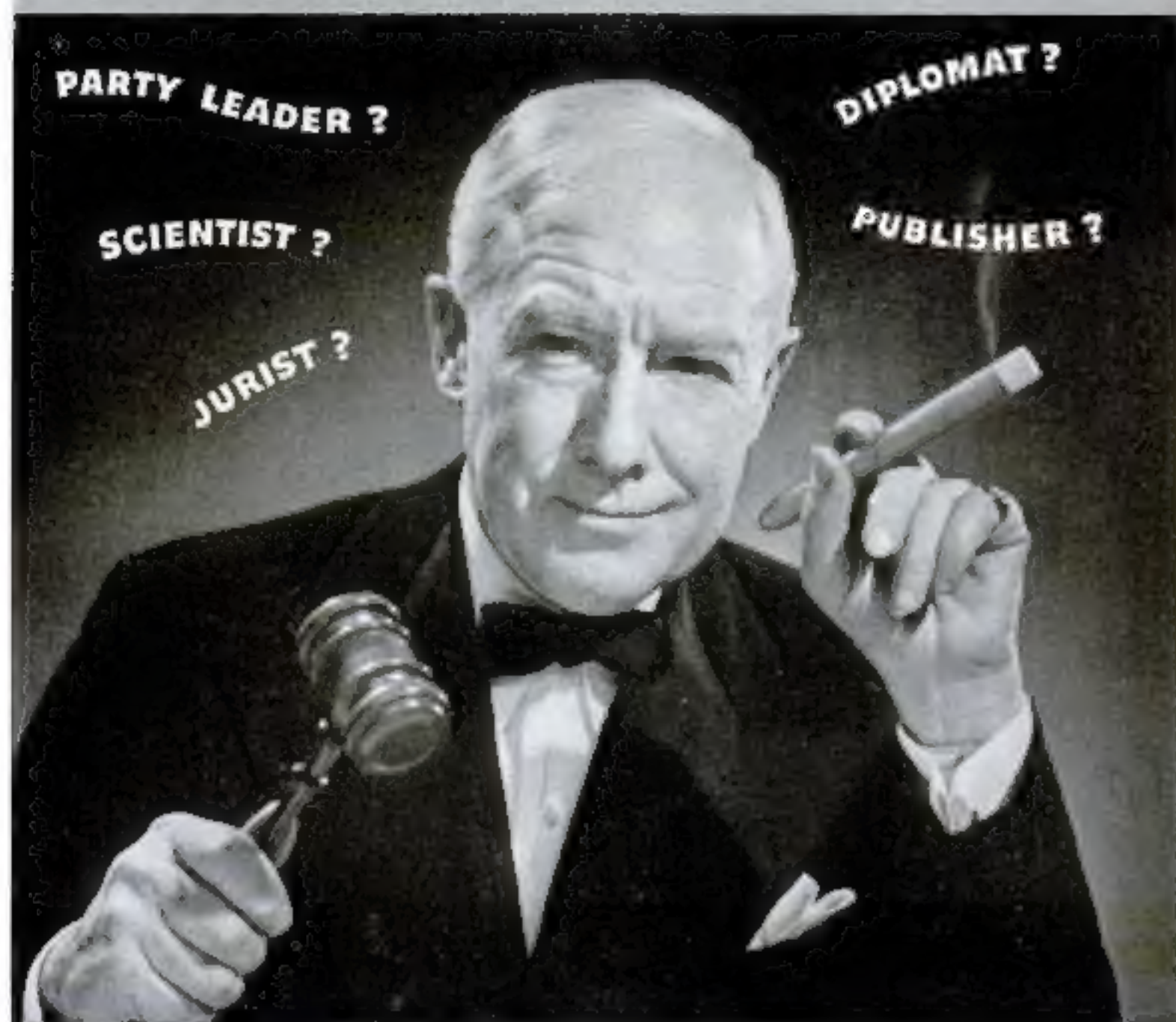
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"Exide" has symbolized
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WHEN IT'S AN EXIDE YOU START

Who is he ?



Today's leaders smoke
BLACKSTONE
CIGARS
the choice of successful men

THERE IT IS! 17% EXTRA SMOKING!

That's the extra pleasure you get in the Blackstone Londres-Extra. It's the new, longer Blackstone cigar streamlined for cool smoking, complete satisfaction. Filled with the finest and costliest long-leaf Havana tobacco.



SIZE AND SHAPE FOR EVERY TASTE

Here you are, gentlemen! Your choice of all five. Blackstone Perfecto, Londres-Extra, Cabinet, Panetela and Junior. All filled with finest Havana tobacco. All top values for your money. Smoke Blackstone cigars.

Walt & Bond, Inc., Newark, N. J.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

TEAPOT TEMPESTS

Sirs:

These photo-caricatures were suggested by the clattering teapot, which makes so much noise in doing so little. The teapot and its associates, the humble cup, saucer and cream pitcher, become symbolic car-

atures of some people in this wartime world. They are made of common kitchen crockery and could be broken and thrown away. Too bad the same cannot be said for the persons they are designed to resemble.

KOSTI RUOHOMAA
 New York, N. Y.



"PURITY LEAGUE" (LEFT) IS A KILL-JOY. "RUMOR MONGER" IS DANGEROUS



"RATION GRUMBLERS" WORK THEMSELVES INTO FRENZY OVER FOOD SHORTAGE



"THE BUSINESSMAN AS USUAL" (LEFT) AND "THE SKEPTIC," WARTIME TYPES

"So glad Schenley laid it away in peace time"



...and there's still a limited supply available

Every drop of Schenley Royal Reserve now available was distilled in peace time. Today no whiskey is being made; all Schenley distilleries are making vital war alcohol exclusively. Thus, you may not always be able to get Schenley Royal Reserve...but when you do, use it sparingly...and enjoy it that much more.

SCHENLEY
ROYAL RESERVE

BLENDING WHISKEY

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY WAR BONDS

Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. The straight whiskeys in this product are 6 or more years old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 23% straight whiskey, 6 years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.

*"Caps off to our
fighting men"*



"Next to wives, sweethearts and letters from home, among things our soldiers mention most is Coca-Cola. Of course, our fighting men meet up with Coke many places overseas. But Coca-Cola got there first. Yes siree, Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter since way back when. It has been sold in more than 100 foreign lands. Even with war and so many Coca-Cola bottling plants in enemy-occupied countries, our fighting men are delighted to find Coca-Cola being

bottled right on the spot in so many places around the globe. And do they go for it when they find it! Who doesn't?"

• • •
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